JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 197.

No. 110325

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We were the first to announce the breakdown in the health of the Prime Minister, just as we have been the only journal to warn the public against placing much reliance upon the official and inspired assura ces as to the right hon. gentleman's convalescence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, we regret to say, is very ill indeed. Our well-informed contemporary *Reynolds's Newspaper*, was quite right last Sunday in stating that at the beginning of the Session it was his wish to retire from the Premiership, and that he consented to remain only in deference to the strong and unanimous request of his colleagues. But that is only half the truth. Sir Henry's decision has proved to have been a big mistake, and, to come at once to the point, he is about to take the inevitable step and resign his portfolio to Mr. Asquith. There will then be a slight rearrangement of the Cabinet, and Mr. Churchill will enter it. "If you see it in JOHN BULL—it *is* so."

We have now tabled our Bill for the Amendment of the Divorce Laws. Our object is to remove the scandalous condition of things at present prevailing, under which a woman who has been judicially separated from her husband for a long term of years is practically debarred from ever obtaining a divorce, and under which, also, married couples are still bound by an iron chain, notwithstanding that by reason of either the imprisonment or incurable lunacy of one or the other of them, they are condemned to lives of enforced celibacy or of open immorality. Of course we shall have to encounter the strong opposition of those peculiarly constituted persons who place what they conceive to be ecclesiastical orthodoxy before public morality. But their day is almost done.

We are glad to observe that our contemporary, *Truth*, endorses our view as to the Sabbatarian character of the Sunday Closing proposals of the Temperance Party. Says Labby, "I suspect that enquiry would show that there is more spent in liquor on Saturday than on any other day of the week." As a matter of fact, we are endeavouring to obtain a Return giving the relative charges of drunkenness for Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays during the year 1907. In the meantime, we would remind our readers that in the course of the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill last Session, Mr. Herbert Samuel did give certain figures which had been prepared for him by the Metropolitan Police, showing that drunkenness was eight times as prevalent on Saturday, and four times as prevalent on Monday as on Sunday. It is, therefore, perfectly clear that, to be consistent, our Temperance friends should promote a measure for compulsory Saturday closing. Where, however, is the Government which would dare to father such a Bill?

The sentence of death passed by court-martial on General Stoessel for his surrender of Port Arthur, "but without loss of rights or honour," may be taken as the price Russian soldiers have to pay when they fail. There were some bad British surrenders in the Boer war, and some worse blunders, but we do not remember that anybody was court-martialled and condemned to be shot. What should have happened to one or two of our generals is not perhaps for the stay-at-home civilian to say. But evidently they do things differently in Russia, and thus it is that Stoessel is at the mercy of the Czar. Though the Court has passed the word for death, it has been good enough to request that mighty monarch to commute the sentence to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress, "in view of the brave defence of the garrison and General Stoessel's personal bravery." If the reason for the recommendation is justified, it is difficult to understand on what grounds death was voted. Undoubtedly it was the view of the Japanese Generals that Stoessel could have held out for a considerable time longer. He marched out with a considerable number of able-bodied troops, and there was no lack of food in the garrison. But a brave defence being conceded, it seems something less than justice—at any rate, something less than British justice—that Stoessel should be condemned to the death of a traitor for an error of judgment. On the whole, it seems as if a fine of five shillings and costs, or seven days, would have met the case.

Who is Mr. Coroner Brighouse of Warrington? He is at any rate a man after our own heart. At a recent inquest on the body of a baby which had been neglected by a drunken mother, he advised the husband to "give her a good hammering," and not to trouble about "the magistrates convicting him for assault." Coroner Brighouse, however, evidently didn't know the lady, for the reply he got from the husband was "She will give me one." Then the real mettle of Coroner Brighouse came out. "If you cannot do it, send for me, he remarked—"*I will straighten her up.*" The suggestion, and the terms in which it was couched, are not exactly novel, but the circumstances to which they were applied are, we think, unique in the history of matrimonial understudy.

Here is a little story from a Lancashire mill. A girl met with an accident at the Shiloh Spinning Company's mill at Royton, necessitating the amputation of a leg. She was awarded compensation at the rate of 5s. 6d. a week. But although it meant two hours' limp, the poor girl was told by the company that unless she called personally for the money she couldn't have it, and in the end was induced to accept £60 in full satisfaction of her claim. Unfortunately for the company, however, they forgot that the girl was under age, and the Court has now held that the settlement is not binding, and has directed the company to keep up the weekly payments and to send them to the girl's home. All of which is as it should be. But what would our good friend Coroner Brighouse have done with those directors? Would he have borrowed the girl's crutch and have "straightened them up"? If it would not amount to inciting to a breach of the peace, we would throw out the suggestion that it is not too late even now. But we mustn't think of such a thing.

Readers will gather from the name that the *Berliner Tageblatt* is German, Germany being one of those high-tariff countries where, according to the hot gospellers of Birmingham the working-man finds his earthly elysium. It seems worth while, therefore, to note that the *Tageblatt* has to say in a recent issue on the matter. "It is a great mistake," says this German national organ, "to believe that the German workman is better off than the English worker. The latter is far better off in every way, especially as regards wages, rent, and home comforts." Probably if we had said this, the Tariffers wouldn't have believed us, and now that the *Tageblatt* has said it they probably won't believe it either. But in a matter of this kind the *Tageblatt* is obviously a better witness than the *Birmingham Post*.

Accepting one of the French daily papers as our authority, the Inland Revenue officials of Paris have struck a great idea. When the shades of night have fallen, they send round men who imitate the barking of dogs outside people's houses, the theory being that if there is a live dog inside it will give a friendly bark or an unfriendly howl in reply. A day or two afterward a revenue officer calls to inquire whether the tenant has a dog licence, and if not why not. The idea, as we have said, is great; but there are suspicions that somebody has been pulling our contemporary's off-side leg. In any case, it is unlikely that the Inland Revenue officers of this country will copy it. Somebody would be sure to open the door for the purpose of demonstrating that he had a perfect right to a dog.

It has been finally decided to get rid of the Thames fleet of steamboats. It has been finally decided before; but this final decision is the last, the ultimate, the decisive, and the complete. Therefore, anybody who would like to buy a nice little lot of pleasure steamboats, beautifully painted and tarred, with feeding department below and polished brass wheels on deck, replete with engines, boilers, stokeholds, life-belts, tow-ropes and awnings, christened after some of the greatest men in history, warranted to stand the weather and bump the bump wherever they meet one, should make early application to the London County Council, who will dispose of them in one fell swoop or lease them for a term of years. If they had been of the right type from the beginning, and properly navigated on the vasty deeps, they might now be even as "Charley's Aunt." Unhappily they banged into the piers, and tried to chip lumps off the bridges, hence all the captains are retired from the service, and all the vessels laid up till somebody of a speculative turn of mind comes along with a bid. What is Russia doing? Here is a chance for a start with its new Navy.

On another page we address a sympathetic letter to a Southport rector on the subject of jam-pots on graves. We observe that another rector has been prohibiting the placing of artificial flowers in his churchyard. But here we cannot agree with him. In the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise, in Paris, one sees very few natural flowers on the graves. There, rich and poor, great and lowly, rest with beaded wreaths above them. To the poor, real flowers are costly. Yet even they often spend on them money they can ill afford. They see the rich spend lavishly on grave flowers, and they are envious. Thus to honour the dead poor, the living poor are still further impoverished by costly flowers for costly funerals. Vicars should encourage the planting of perennials on graves, instructing the poor what flowers to plant, how to plant them, and how to make them flourish. Then we should see fewer jam-pots and artificial wreaths in cemeteries, and the humblest graves would be made beautiful with little trouble and little expense. After all, it is the sentiment of the flower, and not the flower itself, which is the thing.

The thrilling problem "What is Whisky?" is to be decided by one of those peculiarly British institutions known as a Royal Commission, "Our right trusty and well-beloved Councillor, Lord James of Hereford," being the chairman thereof. Whether Lord James knows whisky when he sees it, we cannot say; but we presume he owes his appointment as chairman to the fact that his judgment on the matter can be relied on. If we were asked what whisky is, we should have no hesitation in defining it as a spirituous beverage of Scotch or Irish extraction intended for the solace, stimulation, and exaltation of the human organism. So far as the public are concerned, it is doubtful if they care a bawbee whether it is manufactured by pot still or patent still, so long as they can get it still. If they want whisky interfered with at all, it is in the direction of keeping out as much water as possible.

According to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., men and women are dying to-day because they have not enough leisure to enable them to replace the mental and physical wear and tear of life. It may be doubted whether hard work of itself ever kills. What does kill is anxiety and worry, hard work for starvation wages, and hard work amid insanitary surroundings. Society is in the main divided into two classes: those who work and don't want to, and those who want to work but can't get it. If you come to measuring out time by a yard-stick, then eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day seems almost ideal; but even if this were enshrined in the Statute Book no doubt somebody or other would arise in the midst and propound the theory that four hours should be taken off work and added on to sleep. It appears to us that the bulk of the millions in this country sleep quite long enough and snore quite loud enough—and

the elect of the nation in Parliament seem to have caught the style and habit.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer recently told his congregation that "his blood had boiled sometimes, when he had seen young men saunter into a restaurant and make the most offensive remarks to the girl behind the bar." Pressed as to the identity of the scenes of such exhibitions he replies that he had in his mind "various railway refreshment rooms," but he does not name them. Has any reader of JOHN BULL ever heard a female attendant at a railway bar insulted?

We have seen many amusing specimens of Baboo English, but the following petition which was recently sent to a colonel, now home on leave, surpasses them all:—

HONOR SIR,—This respectfully showeth that your honor servant is poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends in season for the staff of life, therefore he pray that you will favour upon him and take him into your saintly service that he can have same permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family; wherefore he falls upon his family beaded knees and implores to you of this mercifull consideration to a damnable miserable like your honour's prostitute petitioner. That your lordship's honor servant was too much poorly during the last rains and was resusitated by much medicines, which made magnificent excavations in the coffens of your honorable servant, whose means are circumcised by his large family, consisting of five female woman and three masculine, the last of which are still taking milk from mother's chest and are damnably worsiful through pulmonary catastrophe in their interior abdomen. Besides the above-named, an additional birth is through the grace of God very shortly occurring to my beloved wife of bosom, that your honor's damnable was officiating in several capacities during past generations, but has become too much old for expousing hard labour in this time of his body life, but wine not drunk with. nor thief nor swindle, nor any of this kind. but was always pious and affectionate to his numerous family consisting of the aforesaid five female woman and three masculine, the last of whom are still milking the parental mother.

Liberty and justice have now been preached for a very long number of years, but do not seem to have yet been completely secured, even in this country. On January 17th a young man and his wife engaged rooms in the house of a man named Raper, agreeing to pay for their board each day. After a few days they had to ask for indulgence as they had been disappointed about some remittances. On January 29th the wife left, and the young man offered Raper his chain as security. But Raper, not feeling satisfied that the chain was of gold, gave him into custody on a charge of having incurred a debt by means of fraud. A magistrate, whose name we would pillory if we knew it, committed him for trial, and he was brought before Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C., who said at once that there was no case to answer. The jury immediately concurred, some of them expressing their indignation that this unfortunate man should have been kept in prison for fourteen days when there was nothing against him. We think that the magistrate who committed him ought to be severely censured, and that some safeguards should be found to prevent the recurrence of similar scandals. The whole system of punishing untried, and therefore presumably innocent, persons with imprisonment stands in urgent need of revision, and we are surprised that no really serious agitation has been directed towards a remedy of this grievance.

No doubt our police are the best in the world, but they certainly seem to suffer sometimes from excess of zeal. A few days ago the Dogberries of Mitcham espied a man with a sack, in which something seemed to be moving. As he refused to gratify their curiosity, merely informing them that the sack contained property of his own, they took him to the police station and opened it. Two dozen rats immediately came out and assembled in a disorderly manner, going so far as to resist the police in the execution of their duty. Now it was the suspect's turn to smile, and he very properly refused to repatriate his rodents until the police had apologised and gratified him with the price of much liquid refreshment. Meanwhile, we should like to know whether policemen are authorised to arrest anybody for the offence of carrying a sack and to search him on unfounded suspicions. If so, we shall seriously consider the advisability of emigrating to Russia, where there are, at any rate, various practical means of manifesting dissatisfaction when the minions of the law become too officious.

Apropos of the thrilling question whether port is or is not a teetotal beverage, the opinion of the Clerk of the Manchester Police-court appears to be worthy of attention. A lady was explaining from her place of temporary sojourning that she was a teetotaler, but that she had partaken of a glass of wine with another lady whom she had not met for years. "I never touched a drop of drink," she added. "But wine is drink if you get good old port," remarked the sapient clerk. At first sight this may seem to settle matters once for all. Not only is port non-teetotal, but it is drink if you get it good and old; but it will be noticed that the learned clerk carefully refrained from stating whether, in his opinion, port which is neither good nor old can be regarded as food. Possibly this point escaped his notice; but now his attention has been drawn to it he will see at once that it is just as important the public should know whether port is food or whether it is drink. We await his answer with anxiety.

The American Consul in Paris must be a very innocent person. Commenting upon the increase of prices in what he would probably call "hired labour," he reports that the "sou system," whereby servants who go out marketing receive a halfpenny on every franc as commission from tradesmen, "has become the despair of frugal housewives." Considering that this system has been in vogue for at least twenty years—we should think a great many more—the Consul's discovery is decidedly refreshing. Moreover, every housewife has been perfectly aware of the system, and the frugal one certainly allows for it when calculating what wages she ca afford to pay. As a matter of fact the system acts in a vicious circle, and really does not affect consumers, tradesmen, or servants. The tradesman adds the commission to his bill, the employer deducts it from the wages. It is merely a matter of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and as all tradesmen pay the same commission, the servant is not tempted to favour one at the expense of another.

The founder and controller of the Church Army has a splendid chance of helping a poor sweep in distress. The man of soot is now in gaol, "doing time" for appropriating other people's goods when (as the poet says) "Night, sable goddess from her ebon throne, in rayless majesty stretches forth her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world." But hopefully, penitently, he looks forward to the time when he shall be free. To Prebendary Carlile he writes for help to buy tools to re-establish himself in business as a sweep. Throughout his long career as a burglar, he says, he has made it an invariable rule to offer up a little prayer for forgiveness for the deed he was about to commit; "and," he adds, "I have always taken less than I might have done." This is the sort of gentleman we often hear of in other spheres of industrial and commercial activity. "Prayer before plunder"; a beautiful conception, and, let us hope, rich in blessing.

The Mayor of East Ham seems to have a somewhat exaggerated opinion of his dignity. One of his duties the other day was to attend an important "mothers' meeting." But he was confronted by a terrible diffi-

culty. He possessed no horses of his own, nor were any of his friends disposed to lend him theirs. Of course, it would have been far below the dignity of so great a personage to walk or to travel in a County Council tram. What was the poor fellow to do? Happy thought, he would take the borough council's omnibus and the only two horses possessed by the local fire brigade. Questioned at a borough council meeting about the matter he grew very indignant, and said that if he wanted the horses again to do public business with, he should take them. Little did he reck if twenty conflagrations broke out in East Ham, or if the whole borough went to blazes, so long as his Worship could display his official importance whenever he went out to a tea-party. Questioned as to the possibility of a fire, he replied airily, "I know, you have said that for many years." We suppose that by great good luck there have been no serious fires in East Ham up to the present while the engine horses have been taking worshipful mayors out for their airings. But there must be a limit to all good fortune, and, when an accident occurs, we trust that the Mayor will be held responsible for any loss of life or property which may be due to his amazing conduct.

We do not often sympathise with the squeamish persons who form themselves into "Humanitarian" leagues, but we think there is a good deal to be said for a petition which some of them are presenting to the Home Secretary with reference to flogging in prisons. We believe that there are a number of irksome and unnecessary rules for the maintenance of prison discipline, and that all sorts of trumpery contraventions are visited with corporal punishment, often of a very savage kind. This places prisoners at the mercy of turnkeys, who are not necessarily persons of a sympathetic or judicial nature. It is also a scandal that floggings should be ordered by visiting justices after secret trials, at which the accused have no proper facilities for defence. And it is likewise a scandal that breaches of discipline in prison should be punished more savagely than crimes of violence committed by ruffians who are sentenced in open court. We certainly think that some fresh safeguards are required. We are surprised to hear that flogging is not permitted in the prisons of Scotland and Ireland. Why should the English criminal be the least favoured in the three kingdoms? The secretary of the Humanitarian League says there is no flogging in "the States of America." We do not quite know what he means by this expression. If he is alluding to the so-called "United States," we think he must be mistaken, for we have a very lively recollection of a Yankee book which appeared not long ago containing very graphic details of flogging and other tortures in Yankee gaols.

An incident which would be amusing if it were not concerned with so melancholy an event as a funeral, has just occurred at Barrow-in-Furness. A man named Moore recently died in the workhouse, and, as he was an Irishman, the Guardians jumped to the conclusion that he must be a Roman Catholic. He was accordingly buried by a priest of that religion. Now it turns out that deceased was an Orangeman, and we can imagine how furious he would have been if he could have known that the last rites would be performed over his corpse by a minister of the Church which he had disliked so vehemently all his life. But, instead of finding that his ghost has been walking as a protest, we learn that the priest professes himself deeply shocked to find that he buried an Orangeman. If we were in that priest's position we should view the incident from quite a different standpoint, and express our perfect willingness to bury any number of Orangemen—the more the merrier. We are reminded of a story about the late Mr. Wharton, who made himself notorious in Parliament in the eighties. Asked at a meeting whether he was in favour of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill, he replied that, if it were a Bill for the burial of Mr. Osborne Morgan, he would vote for it with pleasure. With reference to the precipitate action of the Barrow Guardians, we recall an incident which happened in Servia. An Irishman died at some mines, and the manager said to us, "The poor chap was a Roman Catholic, so I had him buried by the pope." We need not insult the intelligence of our readers by pointing out that a Servian pope is a clergyman of the Orthodox Church, and has nothing to do with the Bishop of Rome.

Apropos of the recent appointment of Mr. Alfred Stead as Roumanian Consul-General in London, we are amused to find that there are a great number of people who solicit these honorary distinctions. To a certain mind, no doubt, there is much attraction in having the right to wear a gaudy uniform and perhaps wriggle into a back-room at Court on unimportant occasions. Some people, too, may aspire to reap commercial advantages by the semblance of respectability which a semi-diplomatic appointment affords. The marketable value of the position does not, however, appear to be very great, for we hear that one of the minor states of Europe has recently been putting up its London Consulate-General to auction. The price at first asked was £300, but now the vendors have come down to £75 without eliciting a bid. Surely some retired greengrocer should be found to put up £75 for the privilege of going to Court in a beautiful gold lace uniform.

Pious Protestants are very fond of denouncing the intolerance of Churchmen who refuse to attend Nonconformist places of worship. Still more vehement are they in their denunciation of pastors and masters who threaten or boycott other people for such condonation of heresy. Yet here we have these self-same apostles of peace and goodwill among Christians raising a terrible outcry against the presence of his Majesty the King at Dom Carlos' requiem mass. We are told with horror that this is the first occasion on which royalty has attended a Roman Catholic service in its official capacity since 1689. Well, if only as a protest against prejudice and bigotry, we venture to express a hope that it will not be the last.

In his last despairing appeal for mercy, Von Veltheim laid claim to an acquaintance with Colonel Maxse, the well-known plagiarist. We wonder whether he was a collaborator in the Colonel's version of "The River War." If the Colonel were not of so modest and retiring a disposition, we would ask him to gratify us with an account of his relations with Mr. Joel's correspondent. We note that the *Review of Reviews* alludes to the Colonel as editor of the *National Review* and prospective editor of the *Times*. Bless our soul, he is original enough to edit anything or anybody.

A little while ago an "Anxious Father" wrote to the *Daily Mail* saying that he had two "bright, cheery, and steady" sons, but that "having only a few hundred pounds in capital, and no influence," he could not see his way "to suggest something for these young men." Why he should have written to the *Daily Mail* to impart this family secret gratuitously, we do not know. But the opportunity was at once seized by Mr. C. Hutton Le Maistre (3, Essex Court, Temple, E.C.), who wrote to say that there is "a steady demand in South America for young, well-educated Englishmen," and that "the remuneration generally consists of a pleasant home and from £30 to £60 a year to commence with." On the strength of this letter, the *Daily Mail* at once began to prance about and shake hands with itself and generally pose as a benefactor of

the human race. Beneath the following sensational headlines,

CAREERS FOR SONS.—VALUABLE HINTS FOR ANXIOUS PARENTS.—CHANCES AT HOME AND ABROAD—

the editor indulged in the following optimistic remarks, "Despite what grumblers say, a spirit of kindly helpfulness has not yet died out of this country." Encouraged by all this jubilation, one of our readers jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Le Maistre was a kindly, helpful, and benevolent gentleman, who might be disposed to afford a little advice if a stamped envelope was sent to him. After waiting several days, he received the following communication, written on a half-sheet of notepaper:—

"30, Hill Street, St. Albans.

"Mr. Le Maistre has your letter. His fee for advice is one guinea."

Reference to a directory shows Mr. Le Maistre to be a barrister, and we should be glad to hear whether it is consistent with professional etiquette to solicit orders for Counsel's opinion in this way. We always understood that barristers were not permitted to advertise.

The Tariff reformers who have been so busy at the bye-elections will regret to hear that bread is going cheaper. "The reason is," says Mr. Finch, of the Master Bakers' Protective Association, "that the supplies of flour and wheat from abroad have proved heavier than expected, and the Argentine crop promises to be a record one." We thought, somehow, that it wasn't this awful Radical and Free Trade Government that had done the mischief, and now, doubtless, our Tariff friends are delighted that it is not the same awful Government who have sent it down. What is lamentable from their point of view is that at the next bye-election they won't be able to stick the dear loaf on a pole and carry it round and round the town as a specimen of Radical iniquity. This is hard cheddar, and we take leave to tender them our deep sympathy in their manifold afflictions. But, after all, it was only playing the Party game. We suggest, however, that by mutual consent the people's bread should now be lifted out of the region of Party politics. It is getting stale.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issue of January 11th:—

Mr. A. DINES, 68, Stanley Road, West Croydon (No. 102195).
Mr. G. W. GRAY, 36, Wilkinson Street, Albert Square, Clapham, S.W. (No. 78917).

The following claims have been received for issue of January 18th:—

Miss CRANFIELD, Church House, Benenden, Cranbrook, Kent (No. 3681).
Mr. ARTHUR TRUEMAN, 6, Tatham Street, Sunderland (No. 67343).
Mr. B. A. LEE, 7, Olive Road, Cricklewood, N.W. (No. 78173).
Mr. W. R. FLINT, 57, St. John's Park Mansions, Upper Holloway, N. (No. 99179).
Mr. W. J. COCKERY, 5, Golden Lane, E.C. (No. 83070).
Mr. F. LAST, 10, West End Avenue, Leyton (No. 20034).
Mr. PETER K. ROSS, 37, Oxford Avenue, South Shields (No. 39452).
Mr. CHARLES W. DIGHT, 8, Beacon Street, Llanfair Road, Cardiff (No. 63825).

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of JANUARY 25TH:—

596; 1471; 1822; 1873; 3283; 3698; 12543; 12889; 13300; 14301; 14686; 18500; 21214; 25466; 30698; 32789; 33946; 36531; 37523; 38698; 39631; 41282; 43347; 44119; 45377; 45387; 46912; 53356; 57164; 58342; 59670; 63184; 68420; 73267; 73768; 76733; 79714; 80947; 83007; 87814; 92992; 93664; 94101; 94776; 100146; 102589; 103250; 105818; 106085; 109503.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 4TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 2ND).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For speaking, in an official notice, of persons who have not conformed to the law in the matter of Dog Licences as "Nonconformists,"

MR. EDWARD VOISIN
(Constable of St. Lawrence, Jersey),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, with reference to a certain publication about SHIRE HORSES: *"We may safely leave the just appreciation to posterity. Imagine, for instance, how the 'Shorthorn breeder' would have welcomed such a volume as this, published forty or fifty years ago,"*

THE FARMER AND STOCKBREEDER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing an article headed "Legal Pitfalls—How to avoid them.—The Public Trustee,"

THE *HALIFAX GUARDIAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting in a recent cartoon three men with five legs amongst them,

MR. G. J. JENNIS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "a single young man to milk and drive cart on farm,"

THE THREE TOWNS' DAIRY, PLYMOUTH,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Queen of Portugal "struck at the assassin who killed the King with a bouquet,"

THE *NORTHAMPTON DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting farm, "where the executors of the late Colonel McCalmont's Southdowns are kept,"

THE *FARMER AND STOCK-BREEDER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "from time immemorial" the steps in the schoolyard "have not even been trodden save by the top-hatted feet of the excessively gentlemanly until last Saturday,"

THE ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that doors open at 3 for a concert which is to take place at 2.30,

THE *INVERNESS COURIER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a concert which included "a DUET *by Messrs. Max Wilkinson, W. W. Denham, and J. Butcher,"*

THE *EASTBOURNE GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a "boiled attendant,"
"CATERER," (of 366, Holloway Road)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the van itself was not damaged, and after repair was able to proceed on its journey,"

THE *NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a suet pudding must be placed "in plenty of boiling cold water,"

FORGET-ME-NOT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a bigamist, aged 25, "was for twenty years master at the Central Foundation School at Finsbury,"

THE *SHOREDITCH OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Miss Ellaline Terriss "glanced up at her fiancée,"

LONDON OPINION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

DIVORCE LAW REFORM.

TEXT OF MR. BOTTOMLEY'S BILL.

The following is the text of the Bill introduced by Mr. Bottomley for the purpose of enabling wives and husbands who have been living apart under Separation Orders, or one of whom is undergoing a long term of penal servitude, or is incurably insane, to obtain, subject to certain safeguards, a dissolution of their marriages:—

Whereas it is expedient to amend the law as to dissolution of marriage in England.

Be it therefore enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1908.

2. From and after the *passing of this Act*, all decrees for a judicial separation and all orders for separation by any Court of Summary Jurisdiction shall, after a period of five years from the date thereof, have the same effect and force as a decree absolute for dissolution of a marriage, unless the husband and wife so separated shall have resumed cohabitation before the expiration of the said period of five years.

3. It shall be lawful for any person to present a petition to the Probate, Admiralty and Divorce Division of the High Court, or to make an application to any Court of Summary Jurisdiction, for the dissolution of his or her marriage where the Court is satisfied that the husband or wife of such person is incurably insane, and has suffered from such insanity for a period of not less than five years, or where the husband or wife of such person has been sentenced to a term of penal servitude for ten years or any longer period: Provided that in such latter event His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department shall be entitled to be heard.

Amongst the names of Members backing the measure are those of Mr. H. C. Lea, Mr. A. E. Dunn, Mr. Bertram Straus, Sir Henry Cotton, Mr. Will Thorne, Mr. J. M. Glover, Mr. Stephen Walsh, Captain Kincaid Smith.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S TAXATION PROPOSALS.

During the past few weeks Mr. Bottomley has persistently heckled the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the subject of new taxation on the lines of the proposals contained in his recent articles in this journal. Mr. Asquith's reply has uniformly been to the effect that all proposals for new taxation will receive his "most careful and sympathetic consideration." So monotonous has this answer become, however, that a few days ago Mr. Bottomley asked the right hon. gentleman if he would give a definition of "official sympathy."!

Only in one case has Mr. Asquith definitely withheld his "sympathetic consideration," and that is in relation to calling in the huge sums now in the hands of the banks of the United Kingdom in respect of Dormant and Obsolete Accounts. Undeterred by this refusal, however, Mr. Bottomley has transferred his attention to the President of the Board of Trade, with the object of inducing him to compel the banks at any rate to make a return of the sums actually in their hands in respect of accounts which have been lying dormant for years past. Mr. Lloyd-George has promised to give the suggestion serious consideration.

This week Mr. Bottomley has suggested another new source of revenue, in the shape of an *ad valorem* stamp on Share Certificates in Joint Stock Companies.

The March number of the *Strand Magazine* is a remarkable issue. Mr. Winston Churchill gives a most interesting account of his recent travels in East Africa, and both Conan Doyle and Jacobs are among the contributors.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

MYSTERY AND METHOD IN PARTY FUNDS.

The other day I read an account of certain proceedings in Parliament on the subject of political honours and titles, which I gather are bought and sold like fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herring. The debate arose on the motion of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., "That this House regrets the secrecy under which political funds are accumulated and administered, and regards such secrecy as a peril to its privileges and character." The motion having been talked in was talked out, however, and nothing happened.

Now the free and independent electors of this tremendous nation are apt to assume that, barring the Labour M.P.'s, the strenuous legislators who represent them go into Parliament at their own sole cost and charges. But they are up the wrong alley. The majority of Tory and Liberal Members are wholly or partially assisted into the House by the engineers of the party machine, which is kept at work by the party funds. These funds are a mystery to the Man in the Street, and a revelation to the man "in the know." They are a sort of party charity. But for them many Members now in Parliament would be wandering around without visible means of political subsistence.

The colloquial name for the party fund is the war chest, and each party has a war chest of its own. As to how much goes into it, and how much comes out of it, mum's the word. Rarely are the names of its contributors publicly known for reasons hereinafter disclosed. The beneficiaries, for the most part, are gratefully silent. If they show an excess of independence, the crack of the party whip brings them to heel. To dip your hand into that war chest and draw your election expenses out of it, you are expected to be a good party man, faithful unto death.

If you are a Government, you don't get your war chest for nothing. Cecil Rhodes used to send his cheque, and say plainly what he expected to get for it. He wanted a policy, and said so. As a rule, however, politics do not trouble the men who transfer a portion of their bank balance to the Whips of the party for general purposes. Supposing I were a good Liberal or a pernicious Tariff Reformer, with £5,000, £10,000, or £20,000 to spare for odd luxuries. Supposing, furthermore, that I had built up my fortune on a foundation of excellent whisky, or pellucid pale ale, or lovely stout, or fine fresh fish, and yearned for something handsome in the way of a title. I should seek an interview with the Whip of the party, and he and I would converse.

"Now, sir," I should say, "I understand that the funds in the war chest are running rather low. I have been a devoted Liberal [or Tory] all my life. Liberalism [or Toryism] is the breath of my nostrils, the star of my soul, the sheet anchor of my hopes. I cannot live without it. If Liberalism [or Toryism] perishes, I shall perish with it." "Ah, yes," murmurs the Whip. "What did you say your name was?" "Smith, sir, Smith—William Smith. Surely you must have heard of my famous pale ale? But as I was saying—let me see, what was I saying?" "You were remarking on the lamentable condition of the party funds," I think. "Just so—just so. It has occurred to me that if a trifle of £20,000——"

"I think you did carefully close the door?" interrupts the Whip. "Do you mind turning the key and drawing the window blinds? Thanks. £20,000 would undoubtedly be useful. In fact, I may say it would be received with thanks, and acknowledged with gratitude." "Oh," I might remark, "it is merely a trifle; I attach no importance to it. If, however, you can make use of it in the general interests of the party, and, I may add, in the particular interests of Smith, of Smythdale, subject, of course, to such opportunities of personal recommendation to His Majesty as may present themselves to you at an early date, the cash shall be placed at your disposal at once. Perhaps you would care to consult with the Premier on the matter before——" "Um—ah—yes—I see. I will consult him certainly, but I think you may consider—in fact, I feel sure that—but I had better make a note of your name. What did you say it was—something uncommon, was it not?" "Smith—William Smith, manufacturer of the famous XL pale ale for pink people." "Good day! I think you may consider your generous, your munificent offer as good as——".

CIVIL SERVICE WASTE AND INCOMPETENCY.—I.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

I have said that if I were Prime Minister, I would see to it that the present expenditure upon the Civil Service, amounting to upwards of thirty millions a year, should be reduced by at least five millions. I now propose to take this item in hand, and to consider whether I was "chimerical," as Mr. Morley would say.

Let me begin by reprinting one of the many letters which have reached me:—

"How would I reduce the Civil Service expenditure from 30 millions to 25 millions?

By enlarging the present powers of the Public Accounts Committee, adding men of practical business experience to it, and requiring the various Government Departments to furnish periodical reports as to the strength and duties of their staffs, with power to any member of the Committee to visit any of the Departments at any time."

The more one ponders the above the more one longs to see another Oliver Cromwell, or powerful, strong-willed giant, arise to overhaul the Civil Service.

I can only speak from experience of the Board of Education, where I have been employed for some years past. Being a man of an observant nature, I have been simply dumbfounded at the waste of public money that so joyfully goes on.

Were it possible to show you round I could point out heaps of letters lying about that just require a simple answer, but are waiting for some rash or misguided examiner to create a precedent. Simple queries from poor devils of students asking about their diplomas and certificates. And when an answer is sent it is generally worded in such an ambiguous way that another query must of necessity arise. When a question arrives, say, from a student who is dubious about an extra subject, it goes to the registry room, thence to the examiner dealing with such cases. He drafts a reply, which is passed on to his senior who puts in a comma or an extra word or two, and passes it on to the assistant secretary, who, if he's in a good temper will say "I agree," then back it travels again to the junior examiner, who sends it forward to the correspondence section, who type the reply. It then goes to the checkers, and from them back to the assistant secretary, who signs it. From him it goes to the post-room, who enclose it in an envelope and finally despatch it. A glance at "Whittaker's Almanack" will show the enormous salaries these examiners and assistant secretaries receive. The boy and second division clerks are just as bad, for if you pop in on them suddenly, you will find them surreptitiously reading a novel or having a smoke. Oh, that you had the strength of a Hercules that would enable you to break down this wretched system that fattens on the daily and nightly toil of the poor taxpayer using up his body and mind to eke out a bare existence!

I enclose you a Minute, and the writing of an examiner, rescued from the W.P.B. Such minutes are going round hourly to be thrown contemptuously aside. Do you wonder at so many boy copyists having to wear glasses, when they have to try and render into English such awful caligraphy? But I mustn't detain you any longer, only I felt I must write.

Next week I will reproduce the document forwarded by my correspondent. It consists of a typewritten draft of a reply to a letter from a Training College.

But in the meantime, and in order that my readers may better appreciate matters, I think I had better just summarise the present constitution of the Department. It costs the nation just upon half a million a year, and it consists, nominally, of the President, the Lord President of the Council, all the Secretaries of State, the Prime Minister, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Attached to the President is a Parliamentary Secretary and a Parliamentary Private Secretary, two Private Secretaries and a Permanent Secretary, with a Chief Inspector and an Advising Counsel, and a Legal Assistant and a Chief Clerk—and a Chief Medical Officer and an Architect.

But that is only just to go on with. There is the Accountant-General's Department, with an Accountant-General and a Clerk in charge of the Accounts, and an "Assistant to ditto," and a Staff Clerk, and six Minor Staff Clerks. Then we have a Director of Special Enquiries and Reports, with an Assistant Director, a Librarian and two Junior Examiners. And a Chief Woman Inspector and seventeen Ordinary Inspectors, and a Directress of Needlework and twenty Junior Inspectors! It seems to me that I could effect some saving as far as we have gone. But we are only just getting into our stride.

There is the Principal Assistant Secretary of the Elementary Education Branch, with four Assistant Secretaries, five Senior Examiners, and nine Junior Examiners. And, of course, there is a Legal Division, with its Assistant Secretary, and Senior Examiner and Junior Examiner—and a Training, Higher Elementary and Code Division, with an Assistant Secretary, two Senior Examiners, three Junior Examiners, a First Class Clerk, and twenty-one Staff Clerks and thirty-one Minor Staff Clerks. It will be seen that we are now getting along fairly well. In fact, we shall soon be coming to the point.

Next we come to the Inspectors of Elementary Schools Department, with a Chief Inspector, nine Divisional Inspectors, seventy-nine ordinary Inspectors, forty-eight Sub-Inspectors, seven Manual Instruction and Drawing Sub-Inspectors, and an Inspector of Physical Training. You will observe that the Staff is now reaching quite respectable dimensions, and we ought not to be much longer in getting through it. But there is a little more.

We haven't yet mentioned the Chief Inspector and six Inspectors of Training Colleges, or the Chief Inspector, nine Inspectors and five Sub-Inspectors of the Welsh Department; or the Principal Assistant Secretary, three Assistant Secretaries, three Senior Examiners and seven Junior Examiners of the Secondary Schools Branch; or the two Assistant Secretaries, two Senior Examiners, seven Junior Examiners, five Staff Clerks and four Minor Staff Clerks of the Legal Division; or the Chief Inspector and three Staff Inspectors and twenty-five Inspectors of Secondary Schools.

No, dear reader, we had mentioned none of these—nor, indeed, have we yet named the Principal Assistant Secretary and the three Assistant Secretaries, and the five Senior Examiners and the five Junior Examiners, and the ten Staff Clerks and the Second Division Clerk, and the eight Minor Staff Clerks and the Storekeepers of the Technology and Higher Science and Art Department; nor have we mentioned the Chief Inspector, four Divisional Inspectors and seventeen Inspectors of Technical Institutes and Evening Schools, or the Chief Inspector and four Inspectors of Schools of Art, or the two Senior Examiners and two Junior Examiners and the Higher Division Clerk of the Welsh Department. Nor must we overlook the Director and Chief Assistant of Solar Physics, or the Principal and Head Master, Registrar and Deputy Head Master, Professors of Modelling, Architecture, Design, Painting, and Instructor of Antique Life Drawing and Anatomy. And there are the Victoria and Albert and Bethnal Green and Geological Survey and Museum, and the Museum of Practical Geology, with their three Directors, two Senior Keepers, four Keepers, nine Assistant Keepers, seventeen Assistants, Secretary, Divisional Clerk, two Assistant Directors, six District Geologists, a Pierographer, twenty-five Geologists, Curator and Librarian and Assistant ditto—with an Adviser to the Board in Science, and a Registrar of the Teachers' Registration Council. And on the top of it all a Consultative Committee of nineteen members, and their Secretary.

Such is the Board of Education—which spends between thirteen and fourteen millions a year, and charges half a million for doing it.

HYPOTHESES.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Most of us yield to the temptation of looking round at other personages, and reflecting how far better we ourselves could fill their positions. Somebody or other has been writing a series of articles entitled, "If I were Prime Minister." I rather like some of his ideas, and my only objection is that the young man does not let himself go far enough. Perhaps he will kindly remedy this later on or when he is Prime Minister.

If I Came into Power.

In my young days I used often to speculate what I should do when I came into power. At one time I used to think of upsetting Queen Victoria and replacing her by the heiress of the Stuarts. However, it occurred to me that parties would take a good deal of educating before even a strong Minister like myself could bring about so drastic a change. Accordingly, I determined to accomplish my ends by craft and subtlety. I would begin as an uncompromising democrat, establish a British republic, proclaim myself President, and, when the right moment arrived, send a dutiful message to Bavaria.

If I were Emperor.

Further reflection reminded me that the right moment might take some time to arrive, and that the interval might be pleasantly occupied in following a certain foreign precedent, and engineering invitations which would induce me to become in turn Prince-President and Emperor. I have now given up most of these ideas, but I still think that I should make a very good absolute monarch. The reason for this belief is that, unlike any previous despot, I should allow all my subjects to do whatever they pleased so long as they respected one another's rights. We should see a very merry England if I were on the throne.

If I were Archbishop.

Another of my youthful dreams was to become Archbishop of Canterbury. This was prompted by an impertinent old lady at a tea-party. She looked down her nose at me and said, "What do you intend to be, my dear, when you grow up? A curate, I suppose?" This naturally kindled my wrath, yea, not a little. "If you suppose that, madam," I exclaimed, unconsciously borrowing a phrase from Beau Brummel, "you will suppose anything. If I decide to take Orders at all, nothing less than an Archbishopric will satisfy me." Now that I look back upon past possibilities, I am rather glad that I did not make up my mind to become an archbishop. The pomp and the palaces and the revenues would have suited me very well, but after all, such things are merely a matter of filthy lucre, which may be more pleasantly earned apart from the restrictions of a religious career. On the other hand, I believe I might have performed a useful work by altering the attitude and developing the scope of my high office. Believing that a sporting parson has a more beneficent influence than a snuffling killjoy, I should have taken my share in all decent forms of sport. I should have hunted four days a week, shown my interest in all games, and put in an occasional appearance at the prize-ring Remembering also that it was my duty to call sinners to repentance, I should have frequented the race-course and the green room, the tavern and the skittle-alley, nor should I ever have shrunk from the shock of witnessing a carouse.

If I were a Millionaire.

Most very rich people are fond of making light of their riches. Lord Rosebery, for instance, is always telling us how very little more advantage is to be had from great riches than from a moderate competence. He parades the fact that he cannot eat two dinners at once or wear two suits of clothes. That sort of attitude is all very well for discouraging envy. We have also plenty of modest people who say that they would like to have two or three thousand a year, but that they would not care to have more. Personally, I do not believe them. I should certainly like to be a millionaire. It is all very fine to talk sadly about the burthens of wealth. Well, there would be burthens attached to the possession of power or beauty or any other of the gifts of the gods. I should like burdens of that kind. At any rate, they give one something to think about. Now, if I were a millionaire, I should not go about forcing all sorts of localities to have public libraries which they do not want. Nor should I distribute relief indiscriminately among the undeserving poor. Nor should I pamper myself unduly. But I should take a very great interest in foreign politics, for the possession of millions of money can affect the destinies of millions of men. I should engineer revolutions, for instance, in Servia, and other places, where a little money goes a long way. I should upset ministries, rearrange alliances, and constitute myself an amateur Providence for the world. The Rothschilds have used their wealth in that kind of way to a certain extent, but chiefly for the increase of their already bloated capital. Cecil Rhodes worked on the lines I have indicated, but only in a restricted sphere. Only wait till I am a multi-millionaire.

If I were Leader of the House of Commons.

There is too much treacle in politics at the present time. I would put an end to long unnecessary speeches and gaseous compliments to honourable and right honourable gentlemen. I would show empty-headed people that I would stand no nonsense. If I were unable to check them by an application of the closure, I would simply ignore their speeches and pass on to those of members who had something to say. When they found that nobody answered them, I suppose that at last they would give up wasting their words on the desert air. If they did not, I would instruct all my followers to leave the House directly they rose, or else to shuffle and yawn and crow like cocks until they sat down in confusion. I am sure that a policy of boycotting and peaceful persuasion would be the best. What a lot of business we should get through!

If I were a Suffragette.

Quite apart from my opinion as to women's rights or wrongs, I must confess to some disappointment with regard to the methods of the advocates of female enfranchisement. They have taken that historical Suffragette, the importunate widow, as their model and have certainly produced an effect. They have annoyed the Government and the dominant party, knowing very well that it is much easier to obtain something by causing annoyance than by compliments and caresses. They have also been quite skilful in keeping themselves before the public eye, realising that notoriety always attracts adherents. But if I were a Suffragette, I think I should try to make things hum a bit faster. At present the ladies are becoming monotonous and, unless they can think of some really fine sensation very soon, their exploits will be relegated to obscure corners in the halfpenny newspapers, which would not do at all. Their game with the pantechnicon van was whimsical, good so far as it went, but it must be followed up by some far more striking move. Instead of waking up Cabinet Ministers at cock-crow and organising scrimmages on their doorsteps, I would boldly kidnap a Chancellor of the Exchequer or a Minister for Foreign Affairs or a Home Secretary, whisk him off in a motor to some dismal house in a secluded suburb, dress him up in prison clothes, feed him on bread and water. and keep him in durance vile as long as I could. That would be a fine sensation, if you like, and, with a little pluck, luck, and money, by no means difficult to accomplish. After all, it would only be a fair retaliation for the imprisonment and other indignities which the agitators have had to undergo. I am not sure that I would not also try the game upon some member of the Royal Family, say Prince Arthur of Connaught. I would also inaugurate a determined boycott of all tradesmen, not even excepting milliners, who refused to join in the campaign. I would use very drastic forms of peaceful persuasion against all women who refused to join in the agitation. One of my moves would be to instruct all my followers to spend a long winter's night in cutting all the telegraph wires they could reach in all parts of the country. I have thought of a great many other ways of annoying the community at large, but I won't put mischievous ideas into the heads of our fair friends.

Cui Bono?

After all, what is the use of all these hypotheses? They may perhaps serve as hints. But if I were someone else, the odds are that I should be unable to shake off the bad qualities, which are perhaps inherited, and certainly ingrained. If I were Prime Minister, no doubt I should be all for compromise and caution; if I were a monarch, I should think chiefly of uniforms and decorations and the protocol; if I were a Suffragette, my campaign would be vitiated by vanity, modified by a mistrust of mice. However, I am quite content to remain that I am. Whenever I see an ordinary person going about, I often murmur to myself, "There, but for the grace of God, goes poor Jim Crow"!

FRAUD OR BLESSING?

CLAIMS OF ELECTRIC CURE TESTED.

The following is one of the most important contributions ever written upon the subject of cures claimed for electricity. That the question should be definitely and authoritatively answered is of vital importance to every one of the millions of ailing people throughout the civilised world, in view of the rapidly-increasing adoption of this form of treatment in cases of illness of many kinds.

Everyone nowadays knows of the claims which are put forward on behalf of electricity as a means of curing illness. On the strength of these assertions, which are in many instances of a quite startling character, thousands of sufferers in the course of a year are led to look to galvanic force with the hope that it may supply the remedy for their ills—very often after everything else has been tried and failed. Now, this being the case, it is clearly for many reasons of the utmost importance that there should be no mistake made.

Above all comes the question of the immorality of raising false hopes in the hearts of the ailing sufferers if the statements made on behalf of the electrical cure are not warranted.

If it can be amply proved the electricity can and does do what is asserted in the way of removing only one-half of the illness of the present day, then it is surely the veriest god-send that science has ever placed within the reach of sick, weak, and health-broken men and women, and should be taken advantage of by every sufferer.

TWO IMPORTANT TESTS.

In this column it is intended briefly to put the claim to two tests:

1. The searchlight of medical knowledge and criticism.

2. The inquiry into the results obtained by the Pulvermacher Institute, which claims to have been the pioneer of economical electric treatment in the home, and having been established in London so far back as the year 1848, has a carefully preserved ecord of over half a century, which can be closely checked, and, if necessary, criticised. The Pulvermacher is the great Institute upon which the responsibility rests, and to which, if it can substantiate the claims it makes, are due the most grateful thanks of sufferers all over the world.

TEST No. 1.
MEDICAL OPINION.

As regards Test No. 1, the following list of doctors and physicians, as well as hundreds of others, have since the introduction of electric cure expressed the most definite opinion that electricity is an undoubted curative agent in the illnesses of dyspepsia, stomach disorders, obstruction of the bowels, loss of functional power, nervous breakdown, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, nervous deafness, neuralgia, chest troubles, and paralysis. Most of them quote instances in their own practice in which electric appliances were used at their advice, and proved entirely successful.

Sir Charles Locock, M.D., M.R.C.P., Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
Henry Holland, Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
William Ferguson, Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
Golding Bird, M.D., A.M., F.R.S., F.L.S.
Sir George Duncan Gibb.
C. Handfield Jones, F.R.C.P., F.R.S.
H. Nankivell, M.D., F.R.C.S.
Dr. Thomas Wells Cave, L.C.P.
Edward Henry Hugo, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.S.A.
Dr. Powell, M.D., M.R.C.S.I.
Dr. Tyrell, M.R.C.S.
W. A. Patchett, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

Every hospital of standing in the world has incorporated electricity as a part of its curative curriculum. Almost every practising physician makes use of galvanic appliances in his own private practice.

The Electric Arm-Band which is used in cases of Rheumatism may also be applied to Legs.

The Appliance which it is claimed cures Weakness in Back, General Debility, and Constipation.

A simple Appliance worn at night which cures Neurasthenia and Nerve Exhaustion.

TEST No. 2.
RESULTS IN PRACTICE.

The paragraph beneath the above-quoted list of doctors partly deals with this side of the question; in that, as was stated, every one of these doctors made their investigations and test cases with appliances supplied at their desire to their own patients by Mr. Pulvermacher, and mention this fact in their reports.

It is well, however, to go further, and investigate the wider work of the Institution in selling appliances to ailing members of the public apart from those supplied under direct medical advice, for in this lies the essence of what each ill member of the public wants to know—namely, "Can I safely describe my case to the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute, and be supplied with a simple galvanic appliance which will cure my trouble?"

This can best be answered by looking into the records of this Institution. What do we find? That ever since its foundation, but more especially during the last five or ten years thousands of ill people have been supplied with appliances, and that these people have been drawn from every class of life, from noble lords and ladies, clergymen, professional people right through the social strata, and including a considerable proportion of working people in humble ranks.

The further one looks into the question the clearer it becomes that electricity as supplied by the Pulvermacher Institute to sufferers in their own home is distinctly not a fraud, but the greatest alleviator of pain and suffering ever offered to the weak and ailing members of the community.

The Pulvermacher Treatment is the more to be valued because it is pleasant to pursue and permanent in effect. There is neither medicine to take nor strenuous physical exertion to perform. The Appliances are simply worn for a certain time each day or night; they fit the body of the wearer, and are worn next to the skin unknown to anyone except the wearer. By their means a life-giving stream of gentle vivifying electricity is imperceptibly poured into the weakened organs just where it is most needed, and in exactly sufficient quantity to enable those organs to throw off the weakness, and to resume their normal action, so that the one-time sufferer becomes strong, healthy, well, virile, and active, no matter what age has been reached or how enfeebled the patient. All should take immediate advantage of the offer below.

To Readers of "JOHN BULL."

We are desirous of making known that the Pulvermacher Institute make a direct and personal appeal to all weak and ailing people to closely study this subject for themselves, and read the fullest information on electricity and its medicinal value. For this purpose they have just published a new issue of their book, entitled "A Guide to Health and Strength," a perfect compendium of the ways and means whereby full vitality, strength, and energy may be regained and preserved. Every sufferer from organic and functional disease or weakness, liver complaint, kidney trouble, nerve prostration, general debility, indigestion, anæmia, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, or gout should have this volume in his or her possession. It costs nothing and is sent post free on application to the Secretary, PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE, LTD., (96) Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Simply fill up form below, cut out, and forward at once, when the book will be immediately forwarded.

(State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

AMONG THE BOOKS

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Book of Fair Women." By Federigo Luigino of Udine. Translated from the Venetian Edition of 1554, by Elsie M. Lang. (London: Laurie. Price 6s. net.)

This belongs undoubtedly to the category of precious books and may not appeal to the general reader, but it did appeal to that very excellent critic, Mr. John Addington Symonds, who called it "a dithyramb," and "a symphony of graceful images." It will, I think, appeal to anyone who likes dainty and fanciful writing. Take, for instance, the charming excuse for the dedication to a certain "noble and generous Lord"—the author "being aware that, almost from your cradle, your chiefest delight has been in the contemplation of feminine graces, a preoccupation truly worthy of the exquisite refinement of your mind."

It appears that the noble and generous Lord, the amiable author, and certain of their friends met together to sing the praises of the mistresses of their hearts. This must have been a truly pleasant pastime, and one which they were very well qualified to enjoy. A few extracts may illustrate their exquisite attitude.

> I desire to take first her hair, for that, methinks, is of more importance to her beauty than any other of her charms, seeing that without it she would be even as a garden without flowers, or a ring without jewels, as a forest wherein the trees have been felled, or a river that has no flow; nay, she would be comparable only to a night when the stars are hid, or a day when the sun shines not and all nature seems dead. Truly their hair is the glory of women; proudly under its weight they go, and ceaselessly they tend it, marking not the hours in their flight, nor seeming ever to grow weary. . . .
>
> Nevertheless, in my opinion the eyes of a lady do more to attract and allure a man to love, and to become the slave of love, than any other of her charms whatsoever, rare and exquisite though they may be. . . . But what of our lady's eyes? These, methinks, should be black, like the skin of an over-ripe olive, velvety, fathomless, yet shining like twin caverns of coal. . . . Let me praise the fair cheeks of our lady. Soft and smooth should they be, with the softness and whiteness of milk, and touched with a fresh, faint blush, like the morning's earliest rose. Fully with their sweetness do they please the eyes that behold them. In their tints of soft vermeil and white they recall the rare charm of the goddess, huntress and virgin alike, as in her beauty she slept after a tireless following of agile, fleet, antlered deer, does gentle and timorous, goats swift as the wind, and hares peeping and starting. Potent, indeed, is their charm when they blend the lily's white purity with the rose's soft glow, or the blush of the hyacinth with the clear cream of the privet; or more than all if they are even as the snow upon frozen, untrodden peaks, touched by the dawn's first flush and merging with the rising sun into dazzling utter whiteness.

Pretty, is it not?

"Vignettes of the Regency." By William Toynbee. (London: Ambrose Company. 1907. Price 6s. net.)

These haphazard pieces of gossip would have seemed more natural if they had belonged to more recent times, but on the whole they are worth skimming. Many of them are by no means new, some of them are quite dull, and yet they possess a certain charm which is, perhaps, chiefly due to the distinction of their language. We did not need to be reminded of the venerable anecdote about the minister who announced Buonaparte's death to George IV. with the words: "Sire, I have the gratification to announce that your Majesty's greatest enemy is dead," whereupon George, thinking the reference was, naturally, to his wife, replied, "Is she by God?" Then we have the story of the young man who lunched with Lord Wellesley and politely opened the door for him in the absence of the footman, "whereupon Lady Wellesley overwhelmed him with gratitude for averting what evidently would have proved little less than a tragedy, the Marquess, according to her Ladyship, not having opened a door for himself for 10 years." Then we have an epigram on Lord Eldon, who, like a more modern judge, had a fatal facility for weeping:

> His big tears, for he wept well,
> Turned to millstones as they fell;
> And the little children, who
> Round his feet played to and fro,
> Thinking every tear a gem,
> Had their brains knocked out by them.

The author is unnecessarily severe upon Disraeli for his wickedness in opposing Sir Robert Peel, and he goes out of his way to attack Lord Brougham for finding Macaulay a terrible bore, though Lord Brougham cannot by any means have been alone in that opinion. On the whole, however, I am disposed to like Mr. Toynbee's frankness of expression, and he certainly writes like a gentleman.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The English Play Society: A "Reply."

Mr. Lyddell Sawyer, "chairman and hon. manager" of the English Play Society has accepted my invitation to explain more fully the aims and methods of this latest organisation for the redemption of the British drama. In how far his "reply" to my criticism of the Society disposes of the points I raised, the reader must judge; for myself I may say that Mr. Sawyer's letter seems to me entirely futile. It reads as follows:

> We should naturally have preferred it if your reviewer, "P.," had taken a more kindly view of the objects of the Society, especially as, in recognition of the onerous nature of our undertaking, the Press has given us more reason to return thanks for help received than necessity to enter into controversy with it. Your article, however, is a notable exception, and, I can assure you, our task leaves little time for whatever luxury there is to be found in such debates. I may be permitted, however, to remind "P." that the important support which even he is fain to admit, has been given to the Society by just such experts as are best able to judge, must be the very strongest evidence in favour of its value and possibilities.
>
> Your reviewer also questions about the "finance" and control being so much in the hands of the Executive Committee. The "finance" up to about this point has consisted of the executive providing funds out of its own pocket, and if "P." for a moment will set the probable general expenses, costs of performances, and requirements of clerical assistance against any possible number of members the Society may now be obtaining, at one guinea a year subscription, I think even he may cease to feel alarmed as to any serious misuse of the funds!
>
> With regard to "control," notwithstanding the opinion which your writer expresses to the contrary, it is a matter of common knowledge that when such an undertaking as the E. P. Society is in embryo, the difficulty is just as great to find anyone willing to put effort into it as it is afterwards troublesome to prevent interference from certain people whose forte is to meddle with what has achieved any measure of popularity. In face of this fact, I should personally consider the Executive little worthy of its position if it did not at the outset safeguard itself against such disturbing contingencies. Again, contrary to "P.'s" many erroneous opinions, the English Play Society makes no claim whatever to association with philanthropy; on the contrary it has openly arranged to make what it considers to be a fair charge for any service it may render to its individual members. It may also save "P." from future shocks to learn at once that several at least of the official members themselves dare to hope that their own plays may be passed by the examiners and produced by the Society in return for the fees duly arranged for as payable by any member.

"To be Continued in our Next."

I shall deal with this letter in our next issue. Meanwhile I would ask Mr. Lyddell Sawyer whether all the gentlemen and ladies whose names are used by him and his friends so prominently on the literature sent to the Press, saw copies of that literature before it was circulated and approved of it? Unless they did so, this talk of "important support" is (like a great deal besides in the literature received by me) the veriest clap-trap.

Under the head of "Patronage and Support" I read:—

> The Committee feels it cannot give better evidence both as to the prominence of this dramatic movement and as to the highly interesting performances it is calculated to produce for its members, than by drawing attention to the important list of Managers, Actors, Critics, Authors, and other experts, who, as Patrons, Advisory Council and Play Examiners, are heartily associating themselves with the work.

Later on we will consider the exact meaning of "heartily associating themselves" and the fine distinction drawn by Mr. Lyddell Sawyer between "semi-philanthropy" and "honorary services," &c., &c.

P.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

A New Method of Growing Hair.

HOW TO TRY IT AT NO EXPENSE.

PRODUCES UNIQUE RESULTS EVEN IN CASES OF TOTAL BALDNESS.

The only wonder is that it was not thought of before—the new and practically infallible method of growing hair, checking falling and thinning hair, and preventing baldness and greyness.

Anyway, the secrets of the system are now to be divulged by the principals of the firm world-renowned as responsible for the perennially-beautiful heads of hair of the leading Royal Families of Europe.

"Hair Drill" as performed at the morning toilet. Full instructions are contained in the new booklet offered Free to our readers.

Every bald, or "going-bald," or grey-haired man or woman is a living, and often a speaking monument to the failure of old-time and now superseded hair-cultural methods.

Owing to the only-too-well-justified fear of baldness and greyness, the victims in their desperation have nearly always previously tried "all sorts and conditions" of remedies in the shape of coloured and uncoloured lotions, greasy and non-greasy so-called ointments and pomades, and even such circumlocutory preparations as required to be swallowed—literally swallowed.

One would have thought that as nine-tenths of the population suffer from one or more of the hair troubles mentioned—troubles which have never favourably responded to the dubious remedies hitherto in vogue, that long ago the public would have rebelled against the noxious and frequently injurious compounds which have in a really true sense been thrown at the head of such sufferers. To-day they have awoke to a sense of the futility of the mixtures and messes which hitherto have been thrust upon them.

Their eyes have been opened, for visual proof on every hand is rapidly evidencing the unfailing superiority of the "Harlene Hair Drill" method over all the so-called treatments which have obtained.

Year after year, men and women have witnessed their hair decay proceeding apace. The little bald spot has become an extensive bald patch, until there is but a sprinkling of dry withered hair scantily left on the sides.

They have watched their hair gradually lose all its beauty of colour, elasticity, bloom, and lustre. It has got brittle, scurfy, dry, or greasy, as the case may be, and though in desperation they have sprinkled this, daubed that, and bespread the other upon their unfortunate scalps, the work of ruin has never ceased.

All to prevent the too-obvious deprivation of the adornment which is woman's crowning glory and man's indubitable sign of strength and virility.

Now we have a rational, common-sense method, which, as before stated, causes all to wonder that it was not thought of before Messrs. Edwards (proprietors of "Harlene for the Hair") decided to publish to the whole world one of the secrets of their success.

"Why?" (asked Messrs. Edwards). "Why not explain to the public what they have to do to achieve as good results as have many Royal personages of Europe—results which can be seen by all?"

This was a happy thought and happier decision, for since publicity has been given to the wonderful method of hair culture, so assiduously practised by notabilities both at home and abroad, the general public have manifested, the keenest desire to become acquainted, and to be educated in, the true principles whch not only disperse the causes but remove the effects of hair disease and decay of any nature.

That which is beneficial should be made known and lie at the disposal of humanity at large. Disease, whether of the hair or the flesh, is a common foe, and the knowledge of how to repel such foreign invaders should be extended to all. Thus it was that the proprietors of "Harlene," who originated the famous "Hair Drill" principles, openly demonstrated the only way by which unnatural conditions of the hair could be removed and perfect beauty and health of the scalp regained. Their demonstration was, and is, no niggardly one, for they offered, and still offer, to give anyone the fullest facilities for an extended test of this method without incurring the slightest expense. They were not content with a mere statement; words, indeed, are cheap, but actual personal verification is infinitely better, and therefore they determined in the most complete manner to place the public in a position whereby every man or woman who so desired could prove to his, or her, satisfaction, the undoubted merits of the treatment they upheld.

Hence the remarkable offer of which details are furnished later on in this article.

Proof, indeed, should be the test of all things—the crucible of experience will soon distinguish the base from the good metal, and Messrs. Edwards have reverted to the good old-fashioned and reliable custom of affording proof by means of personal test.

Dwelling on the importance of proof, and as the claims here made on behalf of the "Harlene" method of hair-growing and beautifying are unusual, inasmuch as they can be substantiated by trial, we give here with the voluntary testimony of a well-known professional gentleman, who as he himself stated, was completely bald (due, no doubt, to the wearing of tight-fitting wigs in his well-known professional capacity). Here is his letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Having read your 'Hair Drill,' and being completely bald on the top of the head for a considerable time, I resolved to profit by your advice and give it a fair trial.

"As I have only practised 'Harlene Hair Drill' for two months, the result has been simply marvellous. To my surprise and pleasure, the hair is quickly growing again, thanks to your excellent remedy.

"I will recommend it to all my friends, as I think it cannot be made too widely known.—I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"WILL HEBDEN."

Now, Mr. Hebden is only one of thousands who have "proved" to their delighted satisfaction that Messrs. Edwards' promise is as good as performance.

Mr. Hebden was supplied with full instructions in the system of treatment, also with a week's supply of "Harlene" (to be used in accordance with the directions), *absolutely free of expense.*

Readers of JOHN BULL may receive the same help, the same instructions, and a similar week's supply of "Harlene," also *free of cost.*

Owing to the demands upon it, our space does not allow of full details of the easy and costless system to be performed being given here.

Besides, the detailed instructions are given much more fully in a special booklet, "Hair Drill," printed for the public, and a copy of which will be sent with the week's supply of "Harlene" preparation, in answer to every personal or written application to the London offices of Messrs. Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

A large staff are even now preparing the packages containing the instructions and the supply of the "Harlene" preparation for this great JOHN BULL Readers' Week's Test of the "New Method of Growing Hair."

Those who call or write to-day will get their package at once.

A lady performing "Hair Drill."

It is suggested that 3d. stamps be enclosed by those who cannot call.

This is the exact cost of carriage of the parcel to any part of the world, and our readers, we venture to think, will readily agree to defraying the cost of carriage on information and material so valuable to themselves, whether ladies or gentlemen.

Further supplies may be had from Chemists and Stores throughout the world. 1/-, 2/6, & 4/6 per bottle, or sent carriage paid on receipt of postal order.

"John Bull Readers' Week's Test" Dept., Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., High Holborn, London, W.C.

For those who can call it may be added that Messrs. Edwards' offices are midway between Holborn Circus and Tottenham Court Road. Central Tube Museum Station is near, and all Oxford Street 'buses pass the doors. Or "Harlene" may be obtained at all chemists at 1s. 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

Name .....

Address .....

Feb. 29, 1908. .....

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Rev. Joseph Wood, D.D., M.V.O., Headmaster of Harrow.

DEAR MR. WOOD,—I should much like to have your expert explanation of the strange fact that foolish and incompetent persons are nearly always appointed to the responsible position of headmasters of our great public schools. Considering the fact that the great majority of our future statesmen, generals, judges, and holders of all the most prominent positions in the land go through the curriculum of a public school, one would have thought that the very best teachers and the very best kind of education available would have been selected for their benefit. But this has not been so in either case. A public schoolboy is taught very little beyond a smattering of Latin and Greek, and perhaps of mathematics, and scarcely an opportunity is afforded him of acquiring any knowledge which can be of practical use to him in after life. No doubt a headmaster is obstructed by the mountainous masses of tradition and prejudice which clog his machinery, but surely it ought to be possible to find some energetic reformer capable of sweeping away all the abuses and inaugurating a system which would give the rich man's son a fair chance. We hear a great deal of the grievances of the poor, but here is one grievance, at any rate, which is almost the exclusive property of the well-to-do. I mention all this because some recent remarks of yours have convinced me of what I suspected already, that you are by no means the right man in the right place. Indeed, if you have been correctly reported, you must take the palm for unctuous ineptitude. It appears that you have collected £62 from your pupils, that is to say, about two shillings from each, for the ridiculous scheme to commemorate the ancient conflicts which English and French Canadians alike have long striven to forget. In my last issue I stated that I should be vastly surprised if a single shilling were attracted by that idiotic proposal. But I was then reckoning without headmasters, and I am still free to maintain that not a single Harrow boy would have forked out a single shilling unless pressure had been brought to bear upon him. This is what you said: "Every boy in the school has given his mite, and I could doubtless get a good deal more, but I thought it fair to restrain their generous young impulses, and to limit the amount that each might give." Now, I have a very lively recollection of the subscription lists which used to be brought round when I was a schoolboy. Some gave out of careless good nature, rather to please the persons in charge of the list than for any other reason; but most of us gave from a feeling of false shame or a dread of meanness, which is a quality peculiarly detested by schoolboys. But all gave grudgingly, as of necessity, and every subscription was extorted by that terrible recording angel of a list. If a plate had been passed round, each would have given the smallest coin in his possession; if contributions had been left to voluntary effort, nothing at all would have been forthcoming. When you tell us that "every boy in the school has given his mite"—a mite, according to your computation, being about two shillings—you tacitly confess that you must have used a violent pressure utterly unknown in the previous annals of the school. And when you snuffle about thinking it fair to restrain generous young impulses, you are conveying an impression which you must know perfectly well is utterly incorrect. The fact is that subscriptions of this kind are set on foot only for the glorification of their organisers, and I should like to see the faces of some of your victims when they read about the restraint which you had to put upon their generosity. Faugh!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, New York.

MADAME,—It is announced in American papers with a vast deal of scare headline that you are about to bring a suit for nullity of marriage against your alarming husband, Mr. Harry Thaw, on the ground that he was insane at the time he committed the marriage. It is added that you are negotiating with your husband's mother to this end, and that the distinguished gentleman offers no obstacle to the proceedings.

I do not know to what extent these statements are true; but I can quite see that if Thaw was insane as a boy, insane at the time he killed Stanford White, and is insane enough to be in an asylum at this moment, he was probably insane when your two loving hearts became as one. In these circumstances it seems probable that you would succeed. The whole story from first to last is a moral tangle, and I am bound to confess that while Thaw is a note of interrogation to me, you are an enigma. Perhaps the American newspapers will explain you more fully by-and-bye.

JOHN BULL.

To Rev. R. B. Blakeney, Rector of North Meols, Southport.

DEAR RECTOR,—You will be delighted to hear that your parish magazine has received the honour of my earnest perusal. I particularly approve the part where you again call the attention of your parishioners to their lamentable habit of planting jam jars on the revered graves of the departed. As you correctly remark, "there is nothing beautiful about them. In fact, they are most objectionable." I have myself noticed hundreds of graves here in London adorned not only with jam jars, but with pickle bottles and salmon tins also. In life, doubtless, most of us love jam, many of us love pickles, and some of us dally with brick-red salmon, from Chicago. But when we have passed away, the affection which decorates our graves with them seems thoughtless in the extreme. Long ages ago the things men and women loved in life were buried with them; only the other day the jewels of Pharaoh's wife were discovered in her last resting place. Often the early Briton had his bow and arrows buried with him that he might use them in the happy hunting grounds.

The modern Briton, more civilised, has now reached the enlightened days of jam jars and pickle bottles. They therefore go, not inside his grave, but outside—devoid of either jam or pickles. Sometimes they remain for weeks, or months, or years, with not a flower in them. Time so often withers remembrance that the relatives cease to bring flowers to fill them, leaving the receptacles wherein the jam and pickles once flourished abundantly. In a few hundred years' time the Briton of that far distant day will happen on them, marvelling whether jam, and pickles, and Chicago tinned salmon constituted the sacred feeds of his forefathers, and there will spring up an acrimonious discussion among the antiquarians as to whether those edible products were buried with the dear departed or continued by the surviving relatives after the obsequies. On these and other grounds I think your reverence is justified in your protests, which have an interest not only for your own parish, but for the whole country.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Henry Maudsley, Queen Street, Mayfair.

DEAR SIR,—I note your generous offer to the London County Council to give £30,000 towards the establishment of a hospital for mental diseases. For upwards of half a century you have been studying and treating mental cases in widely differing aspects, so that few know better than you do the need of such a hospital. The conditions upon which you will make the gift cannot fail to prove in practice of great advantage to London. As I understand, cases of acute mental disorder are to be treated with the idea of preventing their being sent into the asylums, exact scientific research into the causes and pathology of insanity is to be promoted, and a school for medical students anxious to obtain instruction in mental diseases established.

The gift, sir, is munificent; the object is one which has my deep sympathy. Mental disease is often terrible, often obscure, and this hospital should do much to bring stronger and stronger light to that narrow, mysterious borderland which divides so many from their fellow creatures. I venture to hope that the County Council will accept your offer and name the building "The Maudsley Hospital." With warm wishes for your continued good health through prolonged days.

JOHN BULL.

To Canon Horsley.

REV. SIR,—I note that you are interesting yourself in port wine, having discovered that many hold the belief that port is a drink allowed to teetotalers. "I have," you say, "constantly met with it, and frequently ridiculed it at temperance meetings." No doubt this refers to the belief and not to the port. Probably the belief has arisen from the fact that the Bishops consider port a delightful drink for everybody, teetotalers included; so delightful and so nourishing that they insist upon it being drunk neat at the rite of the Pascal Feast, and anybody preferring "unfermented wine" is strictly prohibited. They have either to drink port or go without. Naturally, people get to know these things, and argue that if it is good enough for church on Sundays it must be good indeed. Personally, I regard port, when old and tawny, and taken slowly, as a beverage worthy of patronage. But port may be very good; it may also be very bad, and when it is bad it is horrid.

JOHN BULL.

GRANNY BUXTON:—"NOW MASTER SORTER, I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO HAVE THAT NASTY, DANGEROUS POP-GUN. WHY CAN'T YOU BE CONTENT WITH THESE HARMLESS FIREWORKS AND A NICE RED FLAG?"

(The Postmaster-General—"following the precedent of his predecessors"—refuses to allow Post-Office employees to join the "Primrose League," but permits them to belong to the "Pioneer Socialist League.")

IN THE CITY.

THE BRITISH TEA-TABLE COMPANY.

Alarming Losses.

We understand that the acting directors—we say "acting" directors, because they can only point to irregular nomination—of the British Tea Table Company convened a meeting of certain of the large shareholders, held at the Princes Rooms, Fleet Street, on Thursday last to consider the position of affairs. What ought to have been done was not to invite a few of the large and selected shareholders, but to convene the whole body of shareholders to consider a position that has become most alarming. Last May, a Committee was appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Company. It was not a very happily appointed Committee, seeing that its members, most of them, knew little or nothing about the catering business, the leading man among them being the Rev. R. V. Greene. Mr. Greene and some of his colleagues have since acted as the directors of the Company. At the time the Committee was appointed the Company was doing badly. Its profits had gradually dwindled, but it was still making a profit, and although no dividend had been paid for the financial year ended March 31st, 1907, a profit of some £2,200 had been made, and a proportionate surplus had been earned in the two months of the new year, April and May. But from the time that the present Board took charge the position has been going from bad to worse. Month by month there has been a deficit, and it has been continuously growing. Up to the end of December there was a loss shown upon the nine months' working of something like £10,000, and since the beginning of the present year the Company has been losing about £500 a week. Obviously, this cannot go on, and the directors accept a great responsibility in delaying until the general meeting, which is not likely to take place until the end of July, calling together the whole body of shareholders to consider the position.

What is the explanation of this disastrous state of things? Why is it that in recent months the Company has done so much worse than it did under the old management? Well, it is under very defective management. Under the old Board the Company was practically managed by Mr. Florence, who was secretary and general manager, and knew the business thoroughly. The new Board appointed as general manager a Mr. C. R. W. Offen. This gentleman had been for some five weeks a window inspector of the A.B.C. Company, but beyond this, so far as we know, his experience of the catering business was *nil*. We should have thought that a general manager of a company faced with all the difficulties that confront the British Tea Table Company would have had enough to do in looking after its affairs, and that the Board of Directors would have made it a condition that he gave his whole time to the business of the Company. Instead, Mr. Offen remains the Warden of the Bloomsbury Young Men's Association, of 10-12, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and our information is that he gives a good deal more time to this organisation than to the British Tea Table Company. However that may be, we have said enough to show that if the shareholders are to save anything from the wreck, they must bestir themselves, and insist upon an extraordinary general meeting being held forthwith, and the whole state of affairs laid before them without reserve.

Meantime we may state the rough facts of the position. The paid up capital is £240,000, of which £130,000 is in ordinary shares, and £110,000 in preference. And there is a debenture issue of £20,600. In March there will be £12,100 owing to the preference shareholders. Add to that the loss on trading, say, £16,000, and there is £28,000 to the bad. Goodwill stands at £130,000. About as many shillings might be got for it, say, from Mr. Pearce. It may be taken, therefore, that with one thing and another the debenture issue is secured, but there is nothing left for the shareholders. It seems to us that the only chance is amalgamation with the J.P. Restaurants. We understand that Mr. Pearce is willing to take over the depots, or some forty of them, upon terms.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 5W Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork." London.—Advt.

SIR JAMES LAING AND CO., LTD.

This great shipbuilding yard has gone into liquidation, and from what we hear about it it is surprising that it has kept off the rocks so long. A naval architect, who has had recent business dealings with the firm, tells us what struck him most forcibly during the many months he was in personal contact with the firm was—next to the incredible personal incompetence of the individuals holding official positions—the absolute absence of supervision, in any shape or form, existing in the drawing office, which at that time accommodated some thirty hands. The draughtsmen and apprentices ran wild, and the work when done was chiefly remarkable for the number of blunders which must have cost the shareholders large sums of money. Take the three Italian emigrant steamers recently constructed by this firm. In sober truth when these vessels were delivered to the Italians they were more like old vessels which had undergone comprehensive "patching up" than new steamers. These vessels were the butt of Genoa.

Mr. Hugh Laing, the head of the firm, is more to be pitied than blamed. His fault has been that he has relied too much upon the energy and conscientiousness of his subordinates. His brother, Bryan, has not been of great assistance to the business, and much the same may be said of the general manager, Mr. John Clarke, brother of one of the directors. Then there was Mr. J. Sim, who was the "Naval Architect" to the firm. What the precise duties of a naval architect in this connection may be we do not know. Other firms have chief draughtsmen.

The company is to be reconstructed, but if it is to recover any of its old prosperity, shareholders should see to it that the men who brought it to its present pass are cleared out, lock, stock and barrel.

THE CENTURY INSURANCE COMPANY.

We have received the report of the Century Insurance Company for the year ended December 31st last, and congratulate all who are concerned upon the continued progress of the Company. The income from premiums and interest shows an increase of £31,001, as compared with that of the previous year, and the total addition to the funds amounted to £132,332. The funds and assets (including capital) have been increased from £520,564 to £792,815.

THE VICTORIA MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The Annual Report of the Victoria Mutual Assurance Society, Limited, discloses a very satisfactory position. The total surplus, including reserves brought forward, amounted to £26,841, as compared with £17,824 at the previous quinquennial valuation. The Society's statistics show an increasing tendency on the part of the public to effect endowment or life and age assurances, and especially those entitled to participate in surpluses. The total accumulated funds were raised from £156,119 to £162,080, and the Life Assurance Fund now exceeds 12 years' premium income.

THOMAS WALLIS AND CO.

We had something to say last year about a little new blood being wanted on the Thomas Wallis and Co. directorate. We are glad to see from the report and accounts just issued that during the last financial year there was considerable increase in turnover, the turnover last month being the biggest of any January since the formation of the Company. But the net revenue has only improved from £25,600 to £27,000.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Mining Shares.—A. S. (Finchley).—There will be no difficulty in getting the shares. Any broker would buy for you, but they represent a very speculative purchase.

Hampstead Tenants, Limited.—Dubious (Piccadilly).—We are obliged by your letter, and should like to see the correspondence.

Company in Liquidation.—Winding-up (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The answer to all three questions is in the affirmative.

Standing of Company.—Investment (Stoke Newington).—It has not been at work long, but the management is vigorous and respectable, and the business is rapidly expanding.

Seamore and Whiteman.—C. M. H. (West Hendon).—Your letter is not very clear, but we gather from it that you claim to have paid with usurious interest the whole of the loan you obtained from these people. If you can get some friend to put your case plainly, and will send us proofs with statement, we will deal with it. Meantime we keep the letters enclosed in yours to us. Old Inhabitant of the Ward (Walbrook).—We thank you for the information. Q. X. (London).—We are obliged to you for the circular which states that these people have amalgamated with Cox and

Company. D. J. J. (West End Lane).—Many thanks for your letter with its enclosures.

CAPITAL FOR HOUSE-BUILDING.—W. M. (Highbury).—We cannot assist you in finding a capitalist to finance your house-building scheme. House-building is rather at a discount just now—anyway in and about London.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—WANT TO KNOW (York).—(1) We think they are worth buying now. (2) The institution you mention is respectably managed, but we should prefer leaving the money with one that has a longer record.

COX AND COMPANY.—EYES OPEN (Fulham).—We notice these people have moved from 27, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, to 32, Walbrook. Your signature suggests that you have taken their measure.

DICKIE (Camden Town).—The circular you send us is of the ordinary money-lending type. Throw any others you may get into the fire.

TWO NEWSPAPER SHARES.—GOLD SEEKER (London).—No. 1 represents a very prosperous Company, and the yield upon the present price of the shares is very exceptional. No 2 has also been very prosperous, but is doing less well, and its dividend-paying power in the near future is likely to remain less than it has been.

PREMIUM TRADING STAMP COMPANY.—H. S. J. (Brighton).—No.

SURRENDER VALUE.—W. (Aberkenfig).—Your better plan would be to write direct to the head office, which would give you the authoritative figures.

VALUE OF SHARES.—W. R. (Exeter).—We do not recommend the investment. There is not a free market in the shares, and the Company is not doing very well.

TIN MINES.—M. P. (Chippenham).—No, neither at 2s. 9d. nor at any other price.

DRAWING BONDS.—A. B. (Yell).—It would not be necessary for you to get it cashed through the syndicate. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL, and are glad to know that it is appreciated in Ultima Thule.

PARKE'S DRUG STORES.—G. M. (Camberwell New Road).—The answer is in the negative.

SPILLERS AND BAKERS, LIMITED.—J. D. (Carmarthen).—(1) We think it a good purchase, and that the shares are likely to appreciate in value. At their present price they give a handsome return. (2) A good book for your purpose would be "The Law and Practice of the Stock Exchange," published by William Clowes and Sons, Ltd.

FARROW'S BANK.—(Kettering).—You say that you are "frequently asked to advise clients as to where they can obtain temporary loans from others than moneylenders at a reasonable rate of interest," and you want to know if you can safely recommend Farrow's Bank, of 1, Cheapside, E.C. If we are not mistaken the management publishes a pamphlet in which the rates of interest charged are named. We may add that a day or two ago we had a visit from a man who had had a transaction of the kind with the bank, and who spoke in terms of appreciation of his treatment. That is all we can say about it. C. B. (Epsom).—We know of no good reason why you should not open an account with this bank.

C. HOPE.—X. Y. Z. (Wandsworth).—We know nothing of Mr. C. Hope of Wardrobe Chambers, 146a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., but if you are in financial difficulties, and he offers, as you say, to make an arrangement with your creditors, and get you out of your difficulties for a fee of two guineas, we think you had better decline his services.

MARCONI WIRELESS.—MOUNT (Bevington).—The shares were not suitable for a person in your position, but as you have them we should hold them for the present.

SALVATION ARMY LIFE ASSURANCE.—C. H. (Bristol).—Let us see the statement when ready.

GRESHAM INSURANCE COMPANY.—M. (Westminster).—We are much obliged to you for the prospectus.

THE SCOTTISH SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. W. (Swansea).—We think you have grounds for your opinion.

RELIANCE BOND AND INSURANCE COMPANY OF HULL.—D. K. (Bradford).—We do not recommend dealings with this kind of Company.

SOCIETE GENERALE EGYPTIENNE.—OMICRON (Ramsey).—We know of no advantage in doing so.

HENDERSON'S TRANSVAAL ESTATES.—J. M. (Denmark Hill).—We should rather keep out of it.

VARIOUS SHARES.—BANK BRICK (Crouch End).—There is no doubt that you could get anyway 6 per cent. by shifting your investments to other securities which are certainly quite as safe as those in which your money is now placed. For example, if you split the capital into four and put it into, say, Waygood and Company's Cumulative Preference, Spillers and Bakers Ordinary, The North Eastern Breweries, and Hedfern, Ltd., Cumulative Preference, you would get the average yield you name with excellent security.

MUTUAL RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—PERPLEXED (Bristol).—It is a most difficult point to advise upon. We have always advised our readers not to have any dealings with this concern, which has no longer an office in the United Kingdom, but as to losing all the money you have paid in by abandoning your policy, that is another matter. Have you been in communication with the Company, and can you get them to give you anything for it?

ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. W. W. (Brighton).—We have no information respecting it.

LAWRENCE IRVIN AND CO.—A. J. M. (Tonbridge).—We know nothing about it.

PREMIUM BONDS.—ROVVIE (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You are entitled to the Bonds you bought, and should insist upon having them.

SPENCER, SANTO AND CO.—H. W. M. (Beckenham).—In face of the decision not to pay an interim dividend upon the ordinary shares, and the general outlook for the Company, we think there is very little chance of immediate recovery in the price of these shares.

INVESTMENT OF £400.—J. L. (Liverpool).—It all depends on the interest you want.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.—ANXIOUS (Hull).—We should be inclined to sell.

THE BRADFORD DYERS' ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—F. A. C. (Haverstock Hill).—Messrs. Ashers Meadows and Co., are good enough to offer you at 26s. 6d. what can be bought in the market for 24s. We need hardly say that Messrs. Ashers Meadows and Co. have no connection with Messrs. Ashurst, Morris and Co., the well-known solicitors.

MISCONDUCT OF BROKERS.—J. R. (Princes Square).—We think the better way would be for you to give us a call when you are passing this way.

IMPERIAL ART COMPANY.—A. E. S. (Burnley).—We think not.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—D M O. (Glasgow).—We never recommend depositing with institutions offering such a high rate of interest. CAUTIOUS (Birmingham).—See previous answer.

LIPTONS.—N. H. (Ashford).—(1) We should hold. We think they are likely to improve still further. (2) As to the Bank, we can only repeat the advice we gave to "Moonraker" as to our preference for the Birkbeck Bank over the other one you name.

WILTSHIRE LAND.—E. A. A. (Codford).—We do not understand your question as to purchase of land in your county. Please make your meaning clearer.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED.—S. B. (Gresham Street).—Surely it is rather late in the day to ask us "our candid opinion" of this concern. Steer clear of it. A. W. C. (Liverpool).—No, it is not "a good one for a man having a weekly wage, with a small amount for investment." A man so placed is very silly if he sends to strangers for Stock Exchange speculation savings whose fitting place is the Savings Bank. T. C. (Birmingham).—There will be no difficulty in selling the first three of the Bonds you name at the market price, which probably is a good deal lower than what you paid for them. For reply to your second question, see our answer to A. W. C. MRS. B. (Stockport).—Pay no attention to the statements of the advertisement in the "News of the World" you send us.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—H. G. G. (Kensington).—It has been charged against the society that it is promising more than it can perform, and we have seen no complete answer to the allegation. W. S. (Stoke Newington).—See previous answer. It covers your questions.

VALATINA DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.—CUIVRE (Wigan).—We should advise you to make another selection.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—DIAMOND (Tunbridge Wells).—The shares in question are not suitable for your purpose.

SUTHERLAND REEFS.—S. A. L. (Wood Green).—The answer to both questions is in the negative.

W. HUMBERT, NEPHEW AND COMPANY.—GAS (Sudbury).—The waste paper basket is the place for it.

THE LONDON AND SCOTTISH STOCK EXCHANGE.—D. J. T. (Llanbyther).—Ditto.

BRITISH TEA TABLE.—E. E. C. (Newgate Street).—You can get it from Somerset House.

BEST SICKNESS INSURANCE COMPANY.—CORNWALL (Briton Ferry).—The Century Insurance Company was the originator of the Sickness Policy. It has initiated very attractive improvements, and we do not think you could do better than go to it for sickness insurance.

THE ASSOCIATED TAMWORTH MINES, LIMITED.—NEMO (Clapham).—We should accept Mr. Ridley's offer, and cut the loss.

LONDON AND COUNTY PERMANENT BENEFIT SOCIETY.—A. S. (Islington).—We have no reason to suppose that it is not. We return the papers you have sent us.

LOAN OF £100.—BULLITE (Birmingham).—There would be no difficulty in raising the money if you are correct in your description of the security.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—C. R. K. (South Wanstead).—The answer to both questions is in the negative.

SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.—STREDOR (Aberdare).—Powers were obtained some time ago to reduce the share capital from £1,200,000 to £720,000 in 120,000 ordinary and 60,000 preference £10 shares, each of the latter to be thereupon split into ten £1 shares, of which four should be ordinary and six preference. The letter from the secretary to your friend is simply a notice in accordance with this arrangement, and she should surrender her present scrip as requested.

ALBY UNITED CARBIDE FACTORIES.—OAK (Albert Park).—We should take the 26s. 3d., if it is to be got. As to buying through outside brokers, it all depends upon the broker. If you go to a respectable outside broker—and there are many such—they will buy for you just as well as a member of the Stock Exchange. The advantage, however, of dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange is that you have some guarantee that he is a person of character and position, whereas with outside brokers there is no sort of official sponsorship.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. E. M. (Southwell).—You seem to have a strong case, but we could not deal with it without seeing the answer of the company.

LONDON PROPERTY RECOVERY AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. S. S. (Blackfriars).—If you will send us a copy of your correspondence with the company, and a word from the doctor who attended you confirming your statement as to your illness, we will go into the matter, but it is impossible for us to assume that the company is acting improperly upon the mere statement of your letter.

CHANGE OF BANK.—J. M. J. (Birmingham).—We can see no good reason for your changing from the London City and Midland Bank to the institution you name. The gain in interest would not compensate for the loss of security.

CARSELL AND COMPANY.—F. B. (Sydenham).—We are obliged to you for your letter with its enclosures. We note what "The Publisher's Circular" says, and we can only hope that its statements will be borne out by the dividend announcement at the end of the fiscal year. Our opinion is, however, that the dry rot has not been so successfully got rid of as the "Circular" supposes.

BIRKBECK BANK.—ROYAL LEEDS (Clapham Common).—(1) There is no sounder bank in the Kingdom. (2) The 4½ per Cent. Mortgage Debenture stock of Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton would give you the interest you want, and it represents a first-class security.

CHARTERED COMPANY.—S. G. (Brockley).—We are obliged by your letter. There can be no doubt that the development of Rhodesia has been delayed and hindered by the exacting demands of the Chartered Company. The directors are beginning to see this, since they have got to the stage of promising to meet some of the legitimate demands of the colonists, but we doubt whether they are even now fully alive to the unwisdom of the policy they have pursued.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—T. R. (Port-Glasgow).—No, it cannot be said that the Association is in "a safe and satisfactory condition." Very much the contrary.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORE ORDINARY.—R. A. (Newcastle).—The expectations of the directors of the company as to the time it would take to place it in a dividend-paying position have not been realised The time and money necessary have been much longer and more than was expected, but the company has a very experienced and substantial board, and there is good reason to believe that, by and bye, it will be successful. But you will have to exercise patience. You would be very unwise to sell the shares at their present low price.

THE TOBACCO TRUST.—FAIRPLAY.—Everything in good time. By the way, when you write to us again you must send us your name and address.

LONDON CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—N. W. (Harringay).—Yes, we think so.

PURCHASE OF BANK SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Birmingham).—We do not advise a purchase of these particular shares.

INSURANCE OF ANOTHER'S LIFE.—J. F. (Sunderland).—A life policy is valid unless the person taking out the policy has an interest in the life insured, and, speaking generally, this interest must be a pecuniary one. A father cannot under ordinary circumstances effect an insurance upon the life of his child, because he has no pecuniary interest in it, nor a husband upon that of his wife. A son has an insurable interest in the life of a father who supports him, but not in the life of a father whom he supports.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERIES.—A. T. F. (London).—Better have nothing to do with them.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.—J. G. (Aberdeen).—It is an office of high standing.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL INSURANCE INSTITUTION.—H. L. (Leytonstone).—"Safely insure?" Yes, it is one of the strongest offices in the Kingdom.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—P. S. H. (East Ham).—Your assumptions are correct. The mortgage would be paid off by part of the money advanced.

DOLCOATH SHARES.—A READER (Coalville).—The mine has been doing well, but it would, of course, be a speculative purchase.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—H. B. (Nottingham).—No. X. Y. Z. (Bradford).—We do not recommend them

GODRAN AND DORSON, LIMITED.—RIVERSIDE (Kingston-on-Thames).—The secretary's statement to you was substantially correct.

INVESTMENT OF £80.—T. H. (Rhondda).—Have nothing to do with people who send you circulars. As to your £80, don't be in a hurry to take it out of the bank. It is safe there.

FLETCHER'S MERCANTILE AGENCY.—WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER (Finchley).—Yes, they are the same people.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

A DISGRACEFUL PLEA.

Our attention has been directed by several correspondents to the case of Hewlitt *v.* London County Council. Our correspondents denounce in very strong language the action of the Council, and we are bound to say in our opinion very rightly. Let us look at the facts, which, by the way were undisputed.

Miss Ada Hewlitt is a dressmaker living at Wimbledon, and she claimed damages from the London County Council for personal injuries and the loss of business resulting from an accident on September 25th, 1906, when she was knocked down by a motor fire engine belonging to the Council. It was proved in evidence that Miss Hewlitt was walking with a sister in Westminster Bridge Road when the fire engine, travelling rapidly on the wrong side of the road, "ziz-zagged" and turned on to the pathway. To avoid being crushed against the wall she ran into the road, but the engine followed her, and knocked her down, breaking her left leg. There were two men on the engine, and one told her that he was giving instruction to the other (the driver). Our readers will, we are sure, agree with us that it would be difficult to find a case where the plaintiff's claim to substantial damages was better established. If the County Council chooses to allow fire engines to "zig-zag" over the public streets when they are crowded with passengers in order that neophytes may be taught how to drive them, and if injury accrues to individuals, they ought to be made to pay heavily for the damage done.

Under the Police Authorities Protection Act, 1893, the public authorities are protected against claims of this sort unless they are brought within six months from the date of the accident. Now Miss Hewlitt did not serve a writ upon the Council within those six months after the date of her accident, and the Council stooped to plead this as an answer to the claim. Even if Miss Hewlitt had simply failed to take action within six months, the merits of the case would not have been affected, and the Council might reasonably have been censured for taking advantage of this technicality to escape moral obligation. But in Miss Hewlitt's case their conduct is inexcusable, for whilst it is true that the action was not brought for more than six months after the occurrence of the accident, it is not less true that the delay was due to negotiations with a view to compromise, which were being carried on between the solicitors for the respective parties. The jury made enquiries as to the delay, and this was the explanation, not denied or contested. They accordingly brought in a verdict for £424 damages, a verdict set aside by the Judge on the ground that the negotiations were not a sufficient justification for the delay in bringing the action. Was there ever a more scandalous plea advanced by a great public body in order to wriggle out of the payment of just compensation?

We suppose the ruling of the Judge was right, though we should have thought that just as a demand for a debt within six years prevents the debtor from taking advantage of the Statute of Limitations, so continuous negotiations in respect of a claim would have kept intact the claimant's ultimate right to appeal to the law. However that may be, no decent ratepayer can read this case without a feeling of shame.

The Oatine Girl.

FAIR FACES NEED NO PAINT

But in order to preserve their beauty, to retain their natural fairness they need the famous face cream—Oatine.

Oatine is the pure, skin healing essence of the finest oats. It contains no chemicals or animal fats, nothing injurious to the most delicate skin. It is Nature's production for Nature's purpose, soothing and allaying all skin irritations, making rough and reddened complexions as smooth and soft as silk, and adding beauty to the plainest face.

Use Oatine after washing to remove the soap and dirt lodged in the pores. It ensures fair faces and freedom from blemishes.

Price 1/3 a jar, or larger size, holding four times as much, 2/6.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Oatine FACE CREAM

OUR OFFER. Send us to-day either 1/- in stamps or coupons from 2d. 6d. worth of our preparations, and we will send you, free of cost, a neat box containing samples of eight of our preparations. With these we will send you a copy of our book—"BEAUTY HINTS."

SAVE THE COUPON.—In each Oatine packet is a coupon good for 1/- or 6d. when applied to the purchase of any other Oatine Speciality. Each coupon represents cash, so save it. As an instance, a 1/- coupon with 1/6 in cash, pays for 2/6 worth of other Oatine preparations post free from us.

The Oatine Co.,
270 Denman Street, London, S.E.

CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT.

This Departure will Appeal to you!

As a special inducement, the first 2,000 subscribers will receive for 2/6 an option for 30 days on 10 first-class Shares—the same option generally quoted at 7/6.

This is done purely in order that you may see at once how it is possible to operate at prices much below market quotations, where the principle of Co-operation is recognised.

Nor need you find a large capital. On the day we receive your application we will register to you, at the market price of the day, your option. Thirty days after we will close the option, crediting your account with any appreciation.

Send to-day, enclosing stamps or postal order value 2/6, and you will receive at once a Booklet giving full particulars of the Co-operative Investment Scheme, and an option on 10 Shares to be selected by you. The Booklet tells on what terms you receive 25 Shares in our business free, together with much useful information on stocks and investments. Do not delay. Send at once.

THE ANGLO-CONTINENTAL INVESTMENT SYNDICATE, Ltd., Finsbury Circus House, 12, Bloomfield Street, London, E.C.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

(Established 1870.)

22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 38, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,607,940. Liabilities, £1,236,571. Surplus, £371,078.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding, insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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Registration as a Limited Company is within the reach of every business man. It is the most up-to-date method of trading. It gives you many advantages.

You cannot afford to let your competitors get ahead of you. We have made a speciality of company formation for years and will carry the whole matter through for an inclusive figure.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

BY MRS. BULL.

ROYAL DOGS.

No doubt a doggie belonging to the King or Queen feels himself at liberty to strut about with airs of great importance, but it in no way proves that he is the very best of his breed. At the recent Dog Show held at the Agricultural Hall the Queen's dignified-looking borzoi, "Sandringham Moscow," had to content himself with a second prize. Her Majesty's basset-hound, "Sandringham Dido," also met with a finer specimen of his kind than he is himself, and was likewise able to lay only a second prize at the feet of his royal mistress. Poor sad "Sandringham Moscow" and "Dido." There seems to be something very sweet to those whom fortune has placed in positions of somewhat isolated grandeur in the disinterested affection that dogs give so freely. Queen Victoria was devoted to her canine friends. Her special pets were Scotch terriers, and one of her last requests was to be told where her favourite Skye was. So, as a young girl, her first question on re-entering the Palace after the magnificent but surely very tiring ceremony of the Coronation, was: "Where's Dash?" Two or three years ago, King Edward gave up the late Queen's kennels at Windsor, but all her surviving well-beloved dogs were removed to the model kennels at Sandringham, where they are passing their old age in comfort.

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN.

The Socialist Countess, Lady Warwick, who has recently been speaking at Queen's Hall for the Society of Shop Assistants, has more than once been heard to gently sigh over the fact that reporters at public meetings will insist on describing her dress. Nor is she the only lady speaker who thus complains. The ground for objection, of course, is that this attention to externals detracts from the importance and consideration given to the orator's words. The Press never mentions, say the ladies, the colour of the tie that a man-speaker happened to wear, which side his hair was parted, or whether he had seen fit to array himself in black, brown, or grey; they concentrate themselves upon the wit and wisdom that falls from his lips. Naturally this can be accounted for by the fact that men's habitual attire shows such deadly monotony. Now, if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann, for instance, saw fit to appear in the House clad in crimson velvet with a deep lace collar, and high cavalier boots, the Press would certainly not omit a description of these sartorial details. The diversity of costume allowable to women enables us to judge of their personalities, to some extent, by a glance. The pretty attire of the Suffragettes, even the most militant, has from the first been the cause of open amazement to many. Evidently the ladies scorn no part of the advice once given them by a very wily literary man: "First shock the public all you can," declared this important person, "but when you hold meetings, put on your smartest frocks and fascinate them."

FASHIONS IN WATCHES.

It might be presumed that a timekeeper was not an object that would submit to follow the vagaries of fashion, but no such thing. Every season sees the "newest thing" in watches, just as in frocks. Now the "newest thing" in "tickers," this year, is remarkably pretty. It consists in having the case made in a very careful imitation of some kind of flower. Blossoms that easily accommodate themselves to a round shape are naturally the most suitable. Perhaps the pansy is first favourite, as it is often reproduced in enamel, and purple is one of the most charming colours of all for enamel. A diamond or other gem forms the centre. The violet, too, is a very suitable and popular flower; so is a red or pink rose, or an ox-eye daisy. Another new style is to have the watch made in the form of a small ball or globe, and suspended round the throat by a fine chain. Often a watch of this description is no larger than a nut, and if it be set with jewels, the chain from which it hangs is likewise studded with similar stones. Sometimes these little globe-watches are suspended from brooches, or even dangle from a bracelet on the wrist. We are all more or less sentimental, whether we like to own it or not, and new features in watches have "caught on."

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
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The Under Secretary for the Colonies, the

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

contributes a graphic and interesting account of his recent official tour in East Africa to

The MARCH

STRAND MAGAZINE

Illustrated by photographs specially taken by members of the party.

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE

contributes
"THE POT OF CAVIARE,"
which is, perhaps, the best short story he has ever written.

W. W. JACOBS

contributes one long-continued laugh in
"SALTHAVEN."

ARTHUR MORRISON

contributes an exceedingly humorous story, entitled
"SNORKEY TIMMS."

Four other Excellent Stories
and
Seven Important Articles
of great interest complete this magnificent issue.

Everybody will have to admit that the March STRAND MAGAZINE is the very finest Sixpennyworth ever published.

Buy it and Read it To-day.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

C.B.'s TRUE HAIR GROWER
PRODUCED THIS HAIR.

HAIR THIN AND WEAK. NOW FULLY RESTORED.

Gwendoline Avenue, Harold Road, Upton Park, E.

Dear Sir,—I must say that I am delighted with your pomade. I have been using it now for about six months, and it is proving most effectual. My hair had got terribly thin through serious illness, but thanks to your wonderful preparation it is now quite nice again. I am recommending your True Hair-Grower to all I come in contact with who suffer from loss of hair, as I think it a splendid remedy and well deserving of its name. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter.

Yours sincerely, (Miss) GLADYS DUPREE.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

Dear Sir,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial, you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours truly, F. C.

SEVERAL BALD PATCHES COMPLETELY COVERED.

Picton Place, Haverfordwest.

Dear Sir,—Your hair grower has done for me what nothing else has ever done. Some time ago I was recommended a preparation which I tried, but at the end my hair was no better than when I started. But I am glad to say your pomade has worked wonders for me. I had three bald patches on my head, but after using the first box I could see a new growth of hair, and now I am glad to say I have a good growth where the bald patches were. I have been telling my friends about it, and shall continue to do so. Thanking you for your kindness. Yours sincerely, E. W. WASSALL.

Distribution of Large Trial Boxes.

Now is your opportunity to convince yourself that a genuine hair-grower does exist, and this at a trifling cost. I have received hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from people who have successfully used my preparation; they are all genuine and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be seen and perused at my London Office. In order that you may make a fair test, if you will write me, I will send you a large Trial Box of my True Hair Grower for Six Stamps. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent, securely sealed, in plain wrapper.

EXPERT ADVICE TO CALLERS FREE.

John Craven-Burleigh,

180, CRAVEN HOUSE
(Opposite British Museum),
LONDON, W.C.

6d

LARGE TRIAL BOX

Flesh Reduction.
My Method.

WITHOUT DIETING OR DRUGS.

Those who will follow my advice, and do as I direct for only fifteen minutes per day for a few weeks, can rid themselves of all superfluous flesh. This statement is backed up by thousands of satisfied clients. The "Clease Method" is a reality, and the only natural means of reduction now before the public. It has stood the test of years, and to-day it is more popular than ever. I have no wish to appear sensational in my statement, or to make claims for the "Clease Method" that sound ridiculous. What I say I can prove conclusively to be the absolute truth.

If you are seriously desirous of reducing your weight, removing your superfluous tissue, and at the same time improve your health in any direction, increase your strength and possess a symmetrical body, then you will take up the "Clease Method" without delay. What I have done for others I can do for you.

I Speak Conservatively.

The testimony of hundreds of business and professional men of the highest standing verifies my statements, and I back up my claims by a positive guarantee to refund my entire fee if I fail to accomplish the results I promise.

Freedom from Sickness is Not Health.

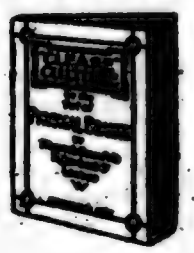
Don't think that you enjoy health just because you are not sick. Health is a comparative term, and there's as much difference between the real thing and the health of the average man as there is between sunlight and twilight.

Give me a few minutes a day and I will give you the health that makes living a joy, work a pleasure, and business a success. My elaborate and interesting book, "The Art of Physical Beauty," will be sent free if you ask for it. It is of absorbing interest, and well worth anyone's time. WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

F. Meredith Clease, Ph. L.D.

173, CLEASE BUILDING,

74, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W



BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Suffragette leaders were "in the van" at the recent attack on the House of Commons.
That Signor Caruso's donation to the Society for the Suppression of Vice was "Conscience Money."
That besides losing the "ashes" the M.C.C. team has not even secured any "dust."
That the District shareholders are more electrified than the Railway.
That the English interpretation of "Zakka Khel" is "sack and kill."

A contemporary says that Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, is always "at home" in his office. We doubt if he is, just now.

The manuscript of a farce 2,000 years old has been discovered at Oxyrhynchus, but we understand that the jokes are useless, having been mostly plagiarised from *Punch*.

At Ipswich Police Court, a witness said defendant wanted to fight him, and used some "obsolete" language. Very Malapropos.

Burglars made an unsuccessful attempt to break into the headquarters of the Leicester Football Club. They scored a "try," but missed the *goal*.

"Each year finds women compelled to adopt a new poise of the body," says the *World*. Avoirdupois, we presume.

A lady recruiting sergeant has been appointed. Her "call to arms" will bring plenty of men to the "salute."

"The whole system of petty annoyances is essentially feminine," remarks the *Graphic*, of the Suffragettes. Of course, petticoat annoyances.

The Suffragettes who paraded Leeds ringing muffin bells at the recent election must have been off their "crumpets."

The new play at the New Theatre is called "Matt o' Merrymount." Why not "A Matter o' Merriment"?

A varnish-throwing fiend has made his appearance in Leeds. The police will put some polish on him when they catch him.

A butter famine is threatened. We shall have to scrape through it.

A Parisian clown has broken off his engagement because his intended called him a clown. He takes his vocation too seriously.

A Mr. Goodfellow has been fined £20 and costs for kissing a girl in a train. What's in a name?

Selling a 6d. linen collar on Sunday has cost a New York draper £5. It must have been fine linen.

Seaman Gunner Vance has been presented with a clasp awarded by the Admiralty *for services rendered during the Crimean War*. The War Office must look to its laurels.

The Chaplain of Lewes Prison recently spoke on "The Genesis of Hooligans." What we want is their exodus.

The politest man we know of was a party who slipped down a slope through treading on a piece of ice. He collided with a lady, who accompanied him. At the bottom he murmured, "Excuse me, I must trouble you to get off here; I don't go any farther."

Justice Darling suggests a limit should be placed on the interest a money-lender may charge. Possibly the rhino merchant might thereupon put a limit on the money he would lend. Never mind the interest—get the money, and then move.

It is all very well for Mr. Birchenough to try to mollify the shareholders of the Chartered Company, but do they give him birch enough?

Having lost £8,000 by the closing of a New York bank, Caruso "walked about crying 'Oh, my 40,000 dollars!'" But the worst never happens. He might have lost his only tenor—as well as his top note.

"Don't be alarmed by an occasional miss," is a "sage financial saying" in one of the weeklies. But what of the constant Mrs.?

Mr. Louis Wain has drawn an average of 10,000 cats a year for the past twenty years. He is said to be a "quiet sad-faced man," and we don't wonder. Why not paws a little?

A REAL FRIEND TO THE HUMAN RACE.

It Will Fortify You
Against Coughs, Colds,
And Influenza, and
Save Doctors' Bills.

The best drink for cold, foggy, or damp weather is a cup of hot Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

Vi-Cocoa is in no sense a medicine, neither is it a mere thirst assuager, for it is also a most valuable Food-beverage. In this respect Vi-Cocoa still leads the way, as it is without doubt far superior to all others.

It has been truly said that man cannot live on bread alone, and even our much vaunted beef, if taken every day, would soon pall on the palate and destroy the most robust appetite. Vi-Cocoa never does this, yet, in addition, it is more nourishing than both wheaten bread and the primest beef. Vi-Cocoa is richer in nutrient properties than any meat extract yet concocted, besides being easier to digest; while, compared with ordinary cocoas, it will be found far more sustaining and palatable.

Before going forth to face your daily toil, fortify yourself with a cup of hot Vi-Cocoa. Then, and then only, will you be able to brave successfully the nipping cold, the choking fog, and the penetrating damp of our wintry days.

Vi-Cocoa is the best of all Food-Beverages, and as a packet may be purchased for the small sum of sixpence, it is practically within the reach o all.

THE
GREAT
ENGLISH REMEDY
Established 1874.
SAVES MANY LIVES.
The Best, Safest and Surest
Remedy known for Chill,
COUGHS, COLDS,
and Throat and Chest Affections, is
Owbridge's
THE OLD ORIGINAL and
World-Famous Lung Tonic.
PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS,
and those who suffer from
THROAT WEAKNESS
FIND IT SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.
Beware of Substitutes;
ask for "OWBRIDGE'S" when buying
Lung Tonic and TAKE NO OTHER.
Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd., Hull.
Sold everywhere in bottles, at
1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s.
COPYRIGHT.

Mr. Balfour has again had the "flu." It is only right to say, however, that this was no fault of the Government.

"Steps should be taken for putting a stop to the horrible trade in worn-out horses," says the Duke of Portland. It would be better to stop the horrible trade in worn-out sausages.

It seems that "Pharaoh's wife's people have brought to light after 3,200 years." Happily, Pharaoh's wife hasn't.

Declining to pay, a passive resister of Huddersfield said: "I'm of the same opinion still, world without end." Amen.

Passengers by the Central Tube complain of headache. So do the shareholders.

Coroner Wynne Baxter alleges that thousands of aliens come to England without being able to read or write. But oh! can't they play the hurdy-gurdy!

There are several pictures in Wormwood Scrubbs chapel painted by a prisoner. Was he hanged also?

A new aeroplane is being built at Upper Tooting. This is where you get the 'igh life.

H.M. Inspector at the Peterborough Technical School regrets the absence of the nude. He should clothe his thoughts.

A Wolverhampton woman has the distinction of having had nine children at four births. Dahle and Booth had better revise their opinions.

It is charged against a Regent's Park woman that she has stolen 58lbs. and 30 tails of human hair. This is giving herself 'airs with a vengeance.

One of the three men killed when King Carlos was assassinated was merely a passer-by. The police apologised for the mistake.

The man who was heavily fined for selling nougat, the ingredients of which were highly poisonous, only just escaped Newgate.

The lady who endeavoured to present a petition to His Majesty at the opening of Parliament tried to prove that her womenfolk were sufferers yet.

Speaking of Liberalism, the *Express* says, "it has received notice to quit." It will take no notice.

The Limerick craze is on the wane, due, it is thought, to see nil decay.

It is said that the large number of tobacconists in Bond Street is responsible for the mist.

There is considerable controversy as to the pin fall secured by Hackenschmidt in the recent wrestling match. Nobody heard it.

At Kingston, the other day, the presiding magistrate was presented with a pair of white kids.

A newly-married pair at Southread left the church beneath an arch of fishing-rods. The man was in the net.

Owing to the actors being frost-bitten, a performance of "Nero" in St. Petersburg had to be abandoned. They had Zero instead.

In a case at Brentford, a cabman said his wife had £1,000. A hansom cab-it-al.

The Suffragettes at Sheffield have promised to give up their tea to provide funds for the Cause. The Cause may go to pot.

The six specimens of the "large copper" butterfly missing from Godalming school have been traced by Police-Sergeant Pyke. An instance of natural history.

Apple-pies made by scholars in the L.C.C. schools are sold at a penny each. This will upset someone's apple-cart.

We read that "in Greece the currant is omnipotent, and upon it hangs the fate of Cabinets"! There is food for thought.

We read that a banker stopped a "run" some years ago with baked sovereigns. Nowadays a run is sometimes postponed with cooked accounts.

The *Mail* has been telling its readers of "engines that walk." Those that crawl have been known for years.

What are Government Premium Bonds?

A good deal of interest is being evinced by the public at the present time in Government Premium Bonds. Although these Bonds have on the Continent for more than 50 years been the most favoured method of investing savings, it is not too much to say that there are many persons to whom these Bonds are wholly unknown, or who have fallacious ideas with regard to them. To all such a most interesting Book, just issued, will be of great interest. It treats comprehensively with the subject, and clearly shows the advantages that these Bonds possess over all other forms of saving and investment.

Let us briefly explain what Premium Bonds are. They are on the Continent what British Consols and Municipal Stocks are in this country; they are direct obligations of the respective Governments and Municipalities issuing them, which guarantee the principal, interest, and the payment of all prizes. They bear fixed interest, in most instances varying from 2 to 4 per cent. per annum. But they have this important distinction and merit; they give their holders the benefit of repeated participations in drawings for "premiums" of sums varying from as much as £40,000 to as little as £20. These drawings take place at regular dates in the presence of Government officials and the Public, and the amounts of the prizes are paid at once to the holders of the lucky numbers drawn. It is, of course, out of the question that every holder can secure a big prize, but he can never lose his capital. Throughout he receives his interest, and he naturally has an equal chance with every other holder, and there is absolutely no reason why he should not be the fortunate one. It is just this element of Chance that constitutes the great charm of these Bonds. Any holder, rich or poor, may be the lucky recipient of a fortune beyond even his wildest dreams. Notwithstanding these immense possibilities, the security is unimpeachable—as safe as if the money were in the Bank of England or the Post-Office Savings Bank. Furthermore, in order to appeal to the small investor as well as the large, the Bonds are in small denominations—some as low as £4

The ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION,

of **41, King William Street, London, E.C.**, make a speciality of these Premium Bonds, and are thus in a position to offer special facilities to those contemplating an investment in them. Whether or not the reader decides to purchase these Bonds, the Book published by this Corporation will, at any rate, well repay perusal by those interested in the subject. It is free for the asking if you mention "John Bull."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.—We desire to remind our readers that all copies of the Petition to Parliament against the appointment of Mr. C. J. Stewart as Public Trustee, now out for signature, must reach us by the end of the present month.

"A REGULAR JOHN BULL READER" (Commercial Road).—The mistakes are hardly worth biscuits.

W. D. (London).—The scheme takes a little more arranging than we expected. Thanks for cutting.

A. E. C. (Islington).—No more "Art in the Papers," thank you.

R. S. (Hackney).—You must not pay too much attention to the eccentricities of Judge Emden.

M. C. (Chester) begs us not to look him up. He says his children have the measles. We will send Jim Crow to prescribe for them.

"TOOTINGITE" sends us a circular from a notorious blood-sucker who calls himself A. Masters, but whose real name is Lazarus.

"SMETHWICKIAN."—Jim Crow does not write stories. He only tells them. And we never heard of any girl proposing to him.

J. C. (Liverpool).—Judging from your handwriting, you are too young to know anything about such things.

"MAC" (Stirling).—Dahle was pulling your leg. He has the knack of doing that sort of thing at times.

"INTERESTED" (Birmingham).—Circumstances alter cases. The methods of the two undertakings are fundamentally different.

W. H. P. (Eastbourne) wants our Probate Laws altered. In France, he says, any member of a family unfairly disinherited by will may appeal to the Courts; and W. H. P. wants us before we "blunder into Old Age Pension Schemes" to amend some of our present pauperising laws—unjust wills, distraint, imprisonment for debt, and workhouses. We are afraid we must blunder.

X. Y. Z. (Grosvenor Square).—We have already received other complaints about the autocratic behaviour of the Croquet Association, and are inquiring into the matter. Perhaps other readers will give their experiences.

"THOMAS" (Nottingham).—No amount of puffs should induce you to pay 4s. 6d. for a cure for nervous debility.

"ONE OF THE MASS" (Mortlake) sends a polite letter to Jim Crow: "Come off your perch, you Bleating old Idiot, you just leave religon alone and write about apples or cabbages or something you have seen, if you had my old Girl you would not say why was i born you would know that soon enough, you would be the same as i am; what's her religon is mine; you neck oiling old soaker I suppose your poor wife is a poor, dear, meek, quiet little women, who get your slippers nice and warm, chews your grub for you, put all the Kiddies to bed before you get home, so as they shant worry poor father, (rats) you old doddering, blue nose, long necked, old fakir what about your religon" [the passage which follows is not quite suitable to a family paper] "so long Jim dont be offended." Bless us! Jim doesn't mind, but he begs to repeat that he has already stated that there are no children by Jim Crow.

"RIENZI" (Glanamman) answered an advertisement in the *Focus*, a photographic journal. The advertiser wanted photographs of landscapes which were to be returned within a week if unsuitable. He sent five and only received them back after he had complained several times, and six weeks had elapsed. We see nothing to justify his suspicion that his landscapes will be used for post-cards without payment, but it is certainly fishy that the answers he has received are merely signed "The Advertiser," and bear neither name nor address. The editor of the *Focus*, however, vouches for the respectability of the firm.

P. H. S. (Grimsby).—We cannot go on publishing warnings against Truscott and Co. indefinitely, or they will think we are advertising them, which we should be loth to do.

"CORPORAL" (York).—Vivian has already gone for Kipling about his stupid caricatures of British soldiers. We can't remember the imitator.

BOVRIL REPELS INFLUENZA

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

By Special Appointment To His Majesty the King.

By Royal Warrant To Their Majesties The King and Queen of Italy.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

D. W. J. (Clapham).—We are not an employment agency and much regret it is out of our power to help you.

S. B. (Bermondsey) sends us reports of an accident taken from two newspapers. Naturally they disagree in important details, and we cannot undertake to inform S. B. "which is right." The moral, however, is—Put not your trust in historians. If reporters cannot be accurate about an event of yesterday, how can we hope for the truth about what happened hundreds of years ago?

L. C. (Brondesbury) is 24 years old and has just left his present firm for the very good reason that it has been liquidated. He has represented it for the last five years, and has a splendid connection amongst the grocery and provision trades, yet he has answered over twenty advertisements in prominent papers and has only been able to secure one interview, and that was with a foreign firm. He had better advertise in John Bull.

"Blackheath Lincolnian" sends us the following report of a sermon by a local parson. "'Would to God,' the preacher with much warmth exclaimed in effect, 'that whist drives could be swept away,' and a chorus of approval came from different parts of the building." We do not know exactly what a whist drive is, but it sounds very innocent, nor do we know how a preacher can "exclaim in effect." However, the parson in question is not the first one to utter foolishness.

J. C. (Ratcliffe) has made three applications for a post as conductor on L.C.C. tramways, but is always told that there are no vacancies. Do we understand that he has to pay for a licence every year whether he is able to use it or not? It would also be interesting to know whether conductors are appointed by favour or merit.

W. H. (Aberdeen) sends us an example of what is known as "printers' pie," but a biscuit would only add to the weight of the editor's crustiness.

"Yorkshire" (London, E.C.).—We hereby constitute you a Court of Criminal Appeal.

T. L. B. (Bexhill) sends us a copy of an advertisement for a cashier. The words "double entry, single preferred," are amusing as well as confusing.

W. J. H. (Bolton) informs us that the London Premium and Tea Co. is yet alive. He thinks it strange that "a man can cheat through the post as much as he likes, but let some poor starving wretch take a loaf off a shop-counter and he is haled off to prison."

W. P. (Treorchy).—We suppose the figures refer to the votes received, not to the ages of the candidates.

W. H. N. (Leytonstone).—The fact that the newspaper did not cash the small cheques immediately does not prove that your lines were ignored. As to the lines themselves, we have always refused to constitute ourselves a Court of Limerick Appeal.

E. M. M. (Brentford).—If all Tories were like you we should be "almost persuaded" to come over.

"Ward" (Portsmouth).—The *London Directory* gives the names and addresses of nine firms of Guano Merchants, and also refers enquirers to Manure Manufacturers and Merchants—about 60 in number. We regret we have no space in which to set them out.

B. H. (Commercial Road).—You forget that we publish on Thursdays.

W. W. (Shoreham).—Thanks for letter. *London Opinion* was certainly a day after the fair.

J. C. (Luton).—Thanks for information. Your initials are appropriate.

"Jamie Watt" (Greenock).—We agree with every word you say. Good luck to you!

R. T. P. (Boscombe) wants to know whether persons engaged in manual labour are barred from membership of amateur rowing clubs affiliated to the Amateur Rowing Association. He had better communicate with the Hon. Sec. of that body, Mr. G. M. Gribley, Leander R.C., Putney.

J. J. B. (Kingsland) has worked himself up into a great state of mind about the circulation of cheap trashy stories. He thinks that "novelettes and the like are the ruination of thousands of working men's homes." We do not see what remedy is possible, and we should certainly not be in favour of books being submitted to the censorship of a public official. We are surprised that anyone should purchase the sample sent us. It consists of 32 pages of a novel, beginning and ending in the middle of sentences, and printed on very cheap paper. It appears to be the 27th instalment, and each instalment costs 2d. As an extra inducement there is an announcement that "presents are given with 50 coupons and upwards." As we are not told what the presents are, we should not imagine that many people would be attracted.

"Diogenes" (Beaumaris).—We cannot take the responsibility of advising your father-in-law to consult a "hernia specialist" who is a persistent advertiser.

F. S. C. (Hammersmith).—Why should the magistrates have halved the second penalty and why should not Mrs. Rushworth have been sentenced to hard labour? As regards the other matter, you may take it that we *do* know our Beresford.

A. R. D. (London).—Glad you like our attitude on the Navy. "Stupider" is quite correct. Sorry our passes for the House are booked for some time to come. You should apply to your local Member.

Fry's
PURE
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa.
Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

GAMAGES
HOLBORN. LONDON, E.C.
GREAT
SALVAGE
SALE
NOW ON.
£30,000 worth of good goods going for £10,000
Get YOUR Share.
The extensive salvage stock, most of which is hardly soiled, has to be cleared immediately, to effect which, we are practically "giving it away."
Thousands of odds and ends for everyone will be found by the early visitor to this, Gamage's Greatest Sale.
There are also the after-stock-taking clearance lines, articles of which we have comparatively only a few, and which must go to make room for the new season's goods.
The Opportunity of a Lifetime.
(Big Salvage Sale List, 30 pages Newspaper size, Free.)
A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

D. S. (Dundee).—We certainly think it strange that Bailie Mitchell should stand with a two-wheel barrow almost every night selling books in the street, and then sentence a hawker to 7s. 6d., or five days, for "causing an obstruction by allowing a two-wheel barrow to stand in Crichton Street with a number of persons gathered round it." Perhaps it is a case of professional jealousy.

G. W. M. (Richmond) objects to the words "religious blasphemy" on one of our contents bills. He argues that "religious" means "pious, godly," and that blasphemy is "an indignity offered to God." One of the meanings of "religious," however, is "teaching religion" (see Johnson's Dictionary), and we have merely extended the meaning to include the intention or attempt to teach religion. Or, if this explanation won't wash, we have used the word religious in an ironical sense. At any rate, we imagine that our meaning was clear.

E. A. E. (Hyde Park).—The Act you have in mind is the Character Note Act, 1906. You can obtain a copy from Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Ltd., Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

"TOFFY THOMAS" (Poplar).—We are afraid we cannot spare space to follow up your dispute with Mr. Dey.

R. C. (Luton) says he forwarded a P.O. for 1s. 4d., to the Kapnos Cigar and Cigarette Co., 6, Dowgate Hill, Cannon Street, E.C., for 50 cigarettes, but up to the present has heard nothing of either the cigarettes or his money.

J. McL. (Edinburgh) sends us some interesting particulars of Mr. J. W. Stocks' non-stop journey from London to Edinburgh in a De Dion car, and suggests that our reference may lead to an advertisement. Hurrah!

F. E. (South Tottenham).—It was a bit of a bull to say that, but for the land, Ireland would be almost a crimeless country; but we must not give Mr. Birrell a biscuit merely because he is becoming acclimatised.

S. W. L. (Exeter) sends us particulars of a transaction with I. A. Hardy and Co., The United Kingdom Colonial and Foreign General Accountancy Offices (70, Chancery Lane, W.C.). They collected ten shillings for an Exeter butcher and sent him a cheque for 1s. 1d. They have often been shown up by our learned and gallant friend, *Truth*.

O. M. M. (Pontypridd) says the Great Pan-Asiatic Company obtained his signature from the Postal Typewriter Company (Newark, New York). He says he found two young ladies at the office of the tea company, and suggests that they should be arrested as suspects. Probably, however, they are only cat's-paws.

J. H. C. (Hornsey) is trying to persuade the Chief Superintendent of Police at Liverpool to take an interest in J. D. Macdonald and Co., a firm which will be familiar to our readers. A good idea!

"DEXTER" (Maesteg).—We shall have to publish a permanent warning against Acté and Co. and Géromes.

L. F. B. (Russell Square).—"Price one shilling net, honestly worth sevenpence," was intended for a joke, but we agree that it is a poor one.

H. H. C. (Forest Hill).—We will consider your suggestion. We note that you were surprised to find 190 present at the Annual Dinner of the National Secular Society, and that you would like Jim Crow to join them. We do not, however, think they would elect him. They are much more particular than some of the religious bodies.

J. S. (Boston Spa) wants us to bandy words with the Bishop of St. Asaph. We are bandying them upon quite another matter, and that will have to do for the present.

"READER" (Croydon), W. J. J. (Pontypridd), F. W. R. (Manchester), G. L. (Rustington), E. M. G. L. (Grove Park), M. W. H. (Brixton), "A READER" (Brighton), C. M. (Bridgnorth), and C. C. (Ipswich).—Pray accept every assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

THE HOLLIDAY CASE.

THANKS TO "JOHN BULL" FROM THE FATHER.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to thank you very warmly for making known my grievance to the public through the columns of your powerful journal, and am rejoiced that the outcome of your effort on my behalf has resulted in the release of my dear daughter Dorothy. She is more than delighted to be home once more, and often tells me that she thinks you "must be a very nice kind gentleman," and that she means to save up all her money and buy you a beautiful present. I never see a copy of JOHN BULL but I think of what you have done for me. We all feel we owe you a debt of gratitude which we shall never be able to pay. I cannot forget that but for you my poor girl would still be imprisoned in a penitentiary. I bless the day that I thought of laying my case before you, and I bless JOHN BULL for making me the happiest father in the world.—I beg to remain, yours respectfully,

J. W. HOLLIDAY.

10, Mount Grove Road, Highbury, London, N.

February 15th, 1908.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

Some Jockeys' Plan.

It is certainly a mistake, when horses are not fancied, not to go near their field.

An Anomaly, but True.

It is rare for thoroughbred horses that have steeplechased to make really good hunters.

Their Mason.

J. Thompson, the Irish jockey, has been head of the list there for seven consecutive years.

Rule Britannia (?)

You mustn't say you are a bookmaker nowadays! It means guilty of *anything* and *everything* at once.

Contrast our Stakes.

In a French jumping season £31,000 is added to fifteen steeplechases, and £13,000 to the ten biggest hurdle events there.

In Perpetuity.

Nightingall's new Epsom residence, just at the rear of his old house—now pulled down—continues the famous name of "South Hatch."

They really Funk it.

"It is damp standing about," is what most fine weather sportsmen urge as their excuse for missing steeplechase meetings.

A Strange Fact.

Notice how invariably, in wretchedly wet weather, the results are equally wretched for backers.

Figureheads.

Some extraordinarily lengthy lists of stewards—many of them "big pots"—are attached to the programmes of little hunt meetings just now.

The Masses v. the Classes.

The half-crown ringites keep racing going, for they turn up in all weathers. It is chiefly the much-nurtured members who are "fine weather" sportsmen.

Usually in the Midlands.

"Shoemakers only go racing on Mondays" is the jocular sportive term regarding the invariably out-of-the-way *venues* on the first day of the week.

Superstitious.

The fact that Mr. O'Brien Butler lost a silver locket in his fall in last year's Grand National calls attention to the fact that almost *every* jockey wears some such "lucky charm"—usually a locket—round his neck, or a bracelet on his arm. It is only further evidence of how superstitious ALL racing folk are—even those most closely and actively engaged.

The "Good Thing" of the Week.

Prospectively this may be Sandboy each way at Newbury—retrospectively it was certainly Fred Terry's production of his new play "Matt of Merrymount," which is to succeed the very long run of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and will assuredly exceed it in its success. It is a *great* play—superbly mounted and acted.

Prophetic.

When Warwick finishes to-day (Thursday) I can see nothing to beat HONESTY in the Watergall Handicap, for the horse was unluckily defeated at Birmingham last week. Newbery is, of course, a good card. Although he will not be a favourite, for the public are so thoroughly sick of him, I can quite realise that whatever beats SANDBOY will win the Spring Hurdle Handicap, and I should very much like to see his sporting young owner recompensed with such a substantial success. A new jockey will on this occasion be put up in Walter Bulteel, as it is feared that Sandboy, being sour and cunning, knows and will not gallop for Hare. If FIRST CHAMPION be himself again, Mr. Stedall will take the Berks Maiden Plate, and Nightingall's stable must have something to say about the Heddington Steeplechase should ROYAL ROUGE be saddled.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

PETITION TO PARLIAMENT ABOUT TO BE PRESENTED.

We should be glad if those of our readers who have copies of the Petition against the appointment of Mr. C. J. Stewart as Public Trustee will return same not later than the end of the present month, as we are desirous of getting it completed for presentation.

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Three Prizes of	4,000		12,000
Six Prizes of	400		2,400
Six Prizes of	200		1,200
Fifteen Prizes of	80		1,200
150 Cash Prizes of	40		6,000
Total for the three drawings above, 183 cash prizes value			£82,800

At the Drawings on February 15th, June 15th, and October 15th, the Cash Prizes are as follows:—

Three Prizes of	£10,000		£30,000
Three Prizes of	4,000		12,000
Six Prizes of	400		2,400
Six Prizes of	200		1,200
Fifteen Prizes of	80		1,200
150 Cash Prizes of	40		6,000
Total for the three drawings above, 183 cash prizes value			£82,800

The combined Six Drawings thus give a Grand Total of **366 CASH PRIZES, VALUE £135,600 PER ANNUM UNTIL 1913,** after which date the Cash Prizes will be varied.

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J.B.

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